Sports Illustrated

MAY 16, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

# THE DERBY

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Photograph by Valerie Taylor

# THE GREAT WHITE SHARK!

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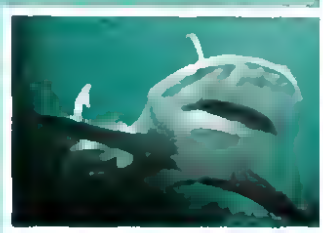
Razor-edged tooth of a great white

The great white . . . most feared of the ocean's predators. He grows to a length of 21 feet, and to a weight of three tons. His teeth measure a full two inches, and are replaced, when damaged, within 24 hours. His acute sense of smell can detect one ounce of fish blood in one million ounces of water. His nerve endings can pick up erratic vibrations — such as those of a swimmer in trouble — at a distance of 600 feet. The great white claimed the lives of thousands of shipwreck victims during World War II . . . yet most attacks take place in waist-deep water! You've heard the myths about the great white shark . . . now, read the stranger-than-fiction truth about the deadliest of all sharks in *Dangerous Sea Creatures*. It's your first volume in the WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS library, based on the popular TIME-LIFE television series.

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# BOOKTALK

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

**THE CHRONICLER OF THE SUMMER GAME PROVIDES US WITH FIVE MORE SEASONS**

One of the more pleasant things to happen in baseball in the last decade was the emergence of Roger Angell as an occasional but concerned chronicler of the game. He came to the duty late, well into middle age, when he began writing his periodic baseball pieces for *The New Yorker*, of which he is a fiction editor. He would sneak away from the magazine to take in a ball game or two, or maybe the World Series, or a week or so of spring training. Not that he had no interest in baseball before then. His enthusiasm as a fan (a devoted fan, to use the adjective precisely) dates to childhood; he was nine when he saw Lefty Gomez pitch his first game in Yankee Stadium, a fact he recalled for Gomez' benefit last fall before a World Series game when the two of them, unacquainted, happened to be standing together watching batting practice. ("Old ballplayers hear this sort of thing every day, of course," Angell writes, "but Gomez was gracious about it.")

Before the advent of Angell, *The New Yorker* had run relatively few articles on baseball. Because he came from an old *New Yorker* family (his stepfather is E. B. White, that magazine's stylistic and philosophic bulwark for half a century, and his mother is Katharine White, long one of its fiction editors), some have assumed that his failure to write about the game earlier was the result of adherence to an anti-baseball tradition established by Harold Ross, who founded *The New Yorker* in 1925 and edited it until his death in 1951. Because *The New Yorker* was "sophisticated," the idea arose that Ross felt baseball was too unsophisticated a subject to cover. Angell disputes this, saying, "I think the only reason there wasn't much baseball writing was that it simply didn't occur to any of our writers to write about it."

But it did occur, finally, to Angell, and thank heaven for that. His first thoughtful essays on baseball were collected in book form in 1972 as the much-praised *The Summer Game*. Now a second collection has been brought out called *Five Seasons: A Baseball Companion* (Simon and Schuster, $8.95). It is at least as good as *The Summer Game*.

Angell's special gift, aside from his lucid writing, his keen eye for detail and his even keener ear for anecdote, is that he is essentially a fan. He approaches the game the way a fan would who has studied baseball for a long time and knows a lot about it—from a distance. Now he suddenly has a pass that

*continued*



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lets him go on the field before a game, lets him be with a team in spring training, allows him to sit in the dugout before a game, or in the clubhouse after it, lets him spend a day or two visiting with a player or an owner or a scout. He doesn't have to function as a sportswriter, going out to the ballpark facing the obligation of typing a game story or digging out information for an assignment, although Angell can and will tell you with exquisite precision of things that have taken place in games he has seen.

The result is a casual, refreshing, seemingly innocent view of baseball, a game that Angell assumes not only *is* loved but *should* be loved—and without being pedantic or naive he explains why this is a proper attitude. He is not insensitive to the crass, commercial path baseball has taken. ("Before the game," Angell writes in one piece, "I saw the Cards' Reggie Smith and the Phillies' Dave Cash in earnest conversation near the batting cage. As I walked by, Reggie was saying, 'And the rest I got in tax exempts.'") But he is also acutely aware of the players' special knowledge of the game, of how it is played, of who is playing it and how well they do what they are supposed to do. One day Angell, wandering around the field before a game, heard Rollie Fingers, the renowned relief pitcher, say to Catcher Ray Fosse, "There's that Hernandez. I'll never forget the year he had 500 and something at bats and drove in only 12 runs." Fosse said, "*What*? That's impossible." Fingers said, "Look it up." So, Angell writes, "I looked it up. The year was 1971. Enzo Hernandez drove in 12 runs in 549 trips to the plate."

Fingers knew that, but practically no one else did. Most baseball writers would not have paid much attention to his remark if they had heard it and almost certainly would not have bothered to look it up. A fan, on the other hand, fascinated by such marginalia, would have. Ergo, Angell.

This doesn't mean he is not a skillful professional reporter. The pieces in *Five Seasons* include a long, sensitive account of his visit with the retired Pitcher Steve Blass, who at 31, a year after he had won 19 games and lost only eight for the Pirates, a year and a half after he had been Pittsburgh's World Series hero, found himself washed up because of a sudden and irreparable inability to get the ball over the plate. It is a classic baseball study. So is Angell's story of his travels with Ray Scarborough, the old pitcher who now scouts young players for the California Angels. There is also his report on the astonishing 1975 World Series, his evaluation of the three widely varying editions of Macmillan's extraordinary *Baseball Encyclopedia*, his fine unsentimental description of his young son's first, rain-drenched major league game. And—as they say in TV commercials for record albums—much, much more. END




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# SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

### NOT SO CANDID CAMERA

What you see is what you get. Or so it used to be before promoters and television networks began making a mockery of sport to obtain higher ratings. Hard on the heels of the boxing scandal (SI, May 2) come two more incidents of nobbling an event, lying to the public and trying to remake sport in the image of entertainment.

A recent story by John Kennedy in the *Staten Island Register* reported that the $250,000 winner-take-all tennis match between Jimmy Connors and Manuel Orantes on Feb. 28, 1976 was, in effect, a sham. In the Caesars Palace match televised by CBS, Kennedy reported, Connors had been guaranteed $500,000, win or lose, in an agreement signed by the promoter, Bill Riordan. Orantes would have gotten $250,000 for winning; he got $250,000 for losing.

A front-page story by Neil Amdur in *The New York Times* last week revealed that a similar $250,000 winner-take-all match between Connors and Ilie Nastase, played March 5, also was a con. Connors again was guaranteed $500,000, win or lose, said the *Times*, and Nastase $150,000. The promoter again was Riordan, who, when asked why millions of television viewers were not told the truth about the CBS telecast, said, "I would definitely accept the blame for that."

CBS, however, is equally to blame for advertising the matches as winner-take-all, as are the players, who knew the billing was fraudulent.

What is sport is usually entertaining. What is entertaining, however, is not always sport. Until the people who promote these events understand the difference, don't believe everything you see.

### SWEET TASTE OF SUCCESS

Long before Reggie Jackson decided to join the Yankees, he boasted, "If I played in New York, they'd name a candy bar after me."

Jackson knew whereof he spoke. Standard Brands, which makes Baby Ruth, among a variety of other foodstuffs, last week unveiled a new candy bar. It's called Reggie. Reggie, Reggie.

Sales may lag in Baltimore, where they probably will call it Boo, Boo, Boo.

### MY SON, THE COVER

Grandparents are fond of showing photographs of their progeny and bragging about their accomplishments. The late Bold Ruler, for one, could have shown a stableful of SI covers. With this issue, the champion sire, who himself made the May 6, 1957 cover, has had a total of seven descendants similarly honored, including son Secretariat, grandsons Cannonade, Foolish Pleasure and Bold Forbes, and now great-grandson Seattle Slew. Even if Slew had slowed, great-granddaddy would have had a right to be proud. The Derby place horse, Run Dusty Run, is also a great-grandson, and the show horse, Sanhedrin, is a grandson. Grandsons Bob's Dusty and For The Moment (shown on cover with Slew) and grandson Flag Officer also attended Saturday's family reunion.

### EDITED VERSION

Houston's morning newspaper, the *Post*, is represented in a city softball league by a team of employees who call themselves the Post Mortems. The team borrowed its motto from the newspaper, which claims "We get there first and stay all day." The players' jerseys declare: WE GET TO FIRST AND STAY ALL DAY.

### STUNT MAN UPSTAGED

Bill Giles, executive vice-president and promotional zealot of the Philadelphia Phillies, has outdone himself this year in an effort to set a Veterans Stadium attendance record.

On opening day, for instance, the first ball was delivered by Parachute Man, who dived out of a Cessna at 3,500 feet (degree of difficulty—plenty), free-fell 1,500 feet and then chuted to second base. On College Night, Giles had a dozen area schools challenge the unofficial world record for stacking bodies on a mattress (44). Lehigh improved it to 71.

Still to come are Bat Day, Team Jersey Day, Teen Night, Fireworks Night, Backpack Day and Crazy Night. The latter promotion will feature Nerveless Nocks, a sway-pole artist, Dave Merrifield, who will perform on a trapeze suspended from a helicopter; and Benny (The Human Bomb) Koske, who does his act in an exploding coffin.

Giles also wants to use the stadium someday as the setting for *Aida*. "I've never seen the opera," he says, "but I've heard segments of it and I'd like to put it on here with all of the elephants and other animals."

Philadelphia attendance has increased by 25,652 over the same number of home dates a year ago, but one act probably



has prevented Giles from attracting still more fans. The Phillies, last year's division winners, are in fifth place.

### EL TORO TANGLEFOOT

The matador strikes his classic pose: erect, defiant, master of 1,000 pounds of angry *toro bravo*. The bull paws the earth, lowers its lethal horns and thunders toward its tormentor—only to slip horns over hoof on an invisible banana peel. Back on its feet, the dazed beast is even money to take several more headers before the tragicomedy finally ends.

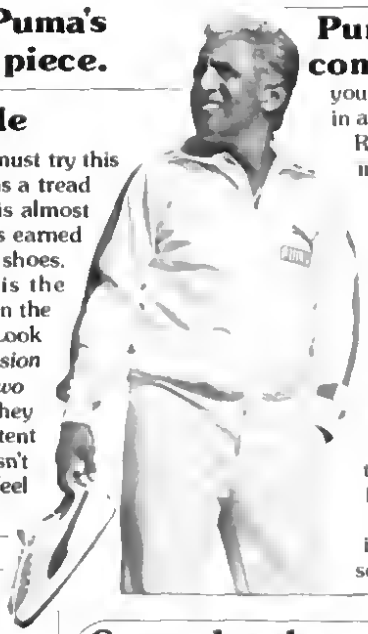
The apparent victims of overbreeding, fighting bulls are falling all over Spain's *plazas de toros* these days. The phenomenon has become so commonplace that a Madrid veterinarians' organization is

*continued*

# WHO MAKES THE BEST TENNIS SHOE?

by Pancho Segura

## The pro's pro takes apart Puma's new "radial" shoe, piece by piece.



### The shoe with the green sole



Already I am telling other pros they must try this new Puma with the green sole. It has a tread pattern that is fantastic. The grip is almost uncanny. For this alone, Puma has earned the stripe it puts on each side of its shoes.

But what is truly amazing is the toughness of this sole. I have seen the test results from the laboratory. Look at the chart: *the resistance to abrasion is much, much better than the two other top leather tennis shoes.* They tell me there is a 70-percent content of rubber—very high—so it doesn't have that slippery-to-the-touch feel of synthetic soles.

### Puma is crazy for comfort

I would describe putting your foot into these Pumas as like sitting in a luxury car.

Right under your foot is a foam-padded insole and arch support. Next is a two-layer midsole that distributes the pressure and shock. Under that is a honeycomb of ribbing that works like the springs on a car. And under that is the green sole itself—which, incidentally, was designed for Puma by Germany's biggest maker of radial tires.

The tongue is padded. The collar is padded. And the Achilles tendon area is padded. .this is very important to protect you against the shock from hard courts.

I must also tell you that the leather is beautifully done. Very soft, whereas so many leather shoes are stiff.

### Read for yourself

The higher the number, the longer the soles last. The Puma number is very high. If you would like a copy of the complete test, write to Beconta, Inc., 50 Executive Blvd., Elmsford, N.Y. 10523. They are the people who bring Pumas to America.

| Abrasion Resistance Level | |
|---|---|
| **Puma "radials"** | **143** |
| Adidas "Stan Smith" | 96 |
| Tretorn | 44 |

A comparison of abrasion resistance amongst the leading leather tennis shoes

### Can a shoe be too light?

For match play on grass, I like a light canvas shoe, which Puma also makes. For every other surface, this is my kind of shoe. You don't want your tennis shoe too light, with no rubber to speak of. To begin with, it doesn't last long. And, in the summer, when it's hot, the heat of the court surface will go right through to your feet. Very unpleasant

### For men only

So far, Puma only has the equipment to make this shoe in men's sizes. However, they have three tennis shoes that are for women only.

A tip for men: Puma makes all its athletic shoes on a special, wide last to conform to the stress patterns of an athlete's foot. So try a half-size smaller than usual unless you have a very wide foot.

### Do you see those radial edges?

The toe, the heel, even the sides...they are all rounded upwards. There are no sharp edges that can dig into the court surface and catch. I like that. The effect is like a radial tire: you always have as much rubber touching the court as possible, even when your foot is leaning over on one edge.

The rounding of the heel is an intelligent move. I imagine they learned this from their jogging shoes. You can roll forward onto the sole of your foot smoothly.

I also like the reinforcement in the heel and toe...I am very hard on a shoe in those areas.

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# MINOLTA

offering $25,000 to anyone who can come up with an explanation and a remedy. But clumsy bulls are only one of several problems plaguing a sport that may be going the way of the donkey cart in modern Spain.

Spanish bullfighting is in a decline. It is no longer the national sport and the *matador de toros* is no longer a public hero. In part, the change is sociological. As Spain pulls itself into the postindustrial age, its young men are more interested in the rewards of consumerism than in risking their lives in the bullring. There are new escapes from poverty and, evidently, new ways for the public to amuse itself. Attendance at *corridas* is falling—because of changing attitudes toward the sport's undoubted cruelty, perhaps—and bullring impresarios in Madrid, at least, have found political rallies more profitable than bullfights. As gate receipts have decreased, demands from breeders, matadors and picadors have escalated. Spain's bullfight *peones* struck for higher pay this year and nearly forced cancellation of the Valencia Fair, which annually kicks off the season. The final settlement provided a raise for the *peones*, with a resultant increase in ticket prices and a decrease in attendance.

Meanwhile, the bulls keep falling. The recent ferias of Valencia and Seville were ruined because many of the *toros* were on their knees half the time. In the year's first televised *feria*, one bull fell five times in a 90-second period. There are several theories why the bulls fall, but no one has yet come up with a definitive answer. Some blame inferior feed. Others believe the problem began during the heyday of El Cordobés, now retired, whose spectacular style attracted a huge audience for bullfighting and an equally huge demand for bulls. In the rush to provide quantity, quality was sacrificed and an inner-ear defect may have become dominant after several generations of bulls. In the old days, substandard bulls were rejected and replaced. No longer; it is too expensive. So the fight goes on—during those moments when the bull is on its feet.

#### MARATHONS MAN

As every NBA fan knows, John Havlicek of the Boston Celtics has spent few stationary moments on the basketball court. Just how far Havlicek has run, however, may stun even Red Auerbach.

Earlier this season Havlicek received a pedometer for his birthday. In a game against Chicago, he strapped it on and, running with the zest that belies his 37 years, logged eight miles in 43 minutes' playing time. Applying these figures to Havlicek's 15-season career, Hondo probably qualifies as history's greatest distance runner—on wood.

Counting his NBA regular season, playoff and All-Star Game appearances, Havlicek has a grand total of 50,815 minutes, or 846.92 hours, of playing time. If he covered up to eight miles every 43 minutes—and he undoubtedly ran more earlier in his career—that's a total of 9,453.95 miles, a distance equivalent to 360 Boston Marathons. Throw in Havlicek's high school and collegiate games and it is reasonable to assume he has traveled more than 10,000 miles across the gym floors of America.

Way to go, John.

#### FORTUNA'S ILL FORTUNE

As its 2–14 record will attest, this has not been the best of all possible baseball seasons for Fortuna High School of Eureka, Calif.

In a game at Del Norte High, for example, the bases were loaded with two outs. Just as the Huskies' Dan Gibbs released the ball after his windup, a decidedly pernicious wind blew his cap off. On the way to the plate, the ball went into the cap. They traveled together about three feet before the wind blew the cap to the shortstop. The ball fell off to the left, about 20 feet in front of the mound, before slowly dribbling out of the park through a gate.

All the runners moved up one base. Fortuna lost, 15–5.

#### DOLLARS AND SENSE

The Super Bowl telecast moves into prime time in January with the maximum cost of a one-minute commercial—now priced at $288,000—expected to increase for the evening viewing hour. CBS, which has paid the NFL $3.5 million for TV rights to the game, is expected to have to pony up another $1 million for the time shift.

For the U.S. Collegiate Sports Council, the above numbers are both frustrating and ironic. Charged with the task of sending a U.S. team to the World University Games in Sofia, Bulgaria in August, the council has yet to find any corporation willing to donate money to sponsor the team. So far, the USCSC has realized less than 15% of the $378,000 needed to send a full team to the games, an Olympics-like international competition for college athletes between the ages of 17 and 28. The money the council has may be enough only to send the gymnastics and swimming teams, 16 fewer teams than a full contingent.

When the World University Games were last staged, in Moscow in 1973, the U.S. entered a full squad for the first time. Unless new money is forthcoming, it also may be the last.

#### STRUNG OUT

Those watching the eighth race at Massachusetts' Suffolk Downs on closed-circuit TV two weeks ago thought something had gone wrong with the sets. There on the screen was Jockey Vinnie Amico with a long, ghostly "thing" streaming from his neck. Those who were watching the race live knew what the "thing" was, but could scarcely believe what had happened.

Just as the horses broke from the gate, a runaway kite dived into the infield, its 200-foot string stretching across the track like a clothesline. Amico, aboard Mr. Domenic F., rode into the string, which became entangled around his neck. As Jockey Jimmy McCloskey aboard Cartour moved up behind Amico, he too became entangled in the string. For nearly a furlong it was neck and neck—jockeys, not horses—until McCloskey managed to free himself from the string at the eighth pole. Amico carried the string to the wire, where he finished out of the money. As he pulled his horse up, he glumly unwound the string from his neck. The crowd, which sent Mr. Domenic F. off as the 8-to-5 favorite, wasn't happy, either. No one claimed the kite.

#### THEY SAID IT

- Lloyd Free of the Philadelphia 76ers when asked whether he was nervous during a recent NBA playoff game: "I'm from New York. Other than riding those subways at night, do New Yorkers ever get nervous?"
- Rick Barry on the NBA slam-dunk contest: "Next year they ought to have one for all the white guys who can't jump."
- Steve Sloan, Texas Tech football coach, on his 334-pound reserve center, Mike Keeney: "We have him on a lettuce diet. He's now eating 40 pounds of lettuce a day." **END**

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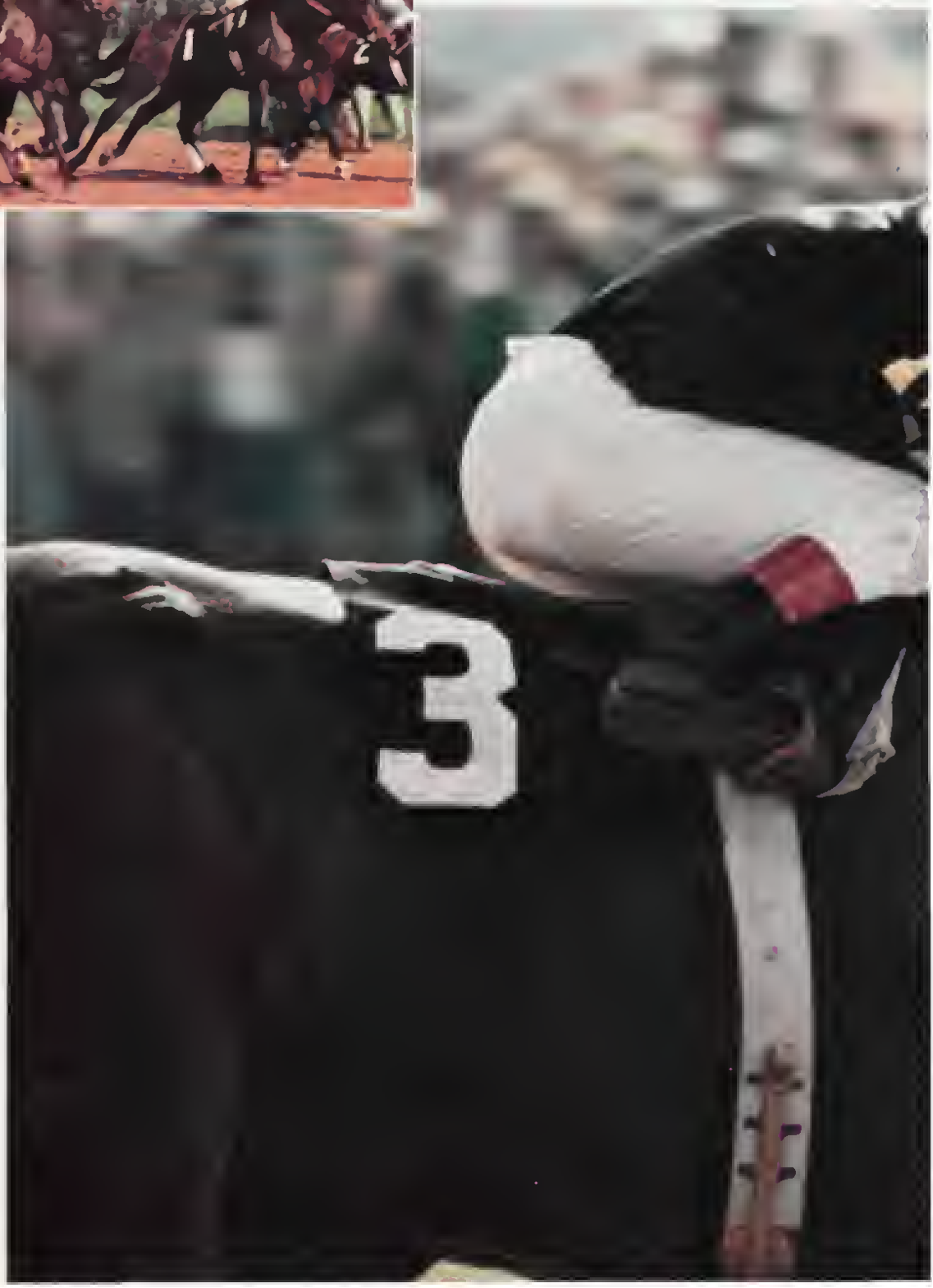

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Sports Illustrated
MAY 16, 1977



# HE FLEW

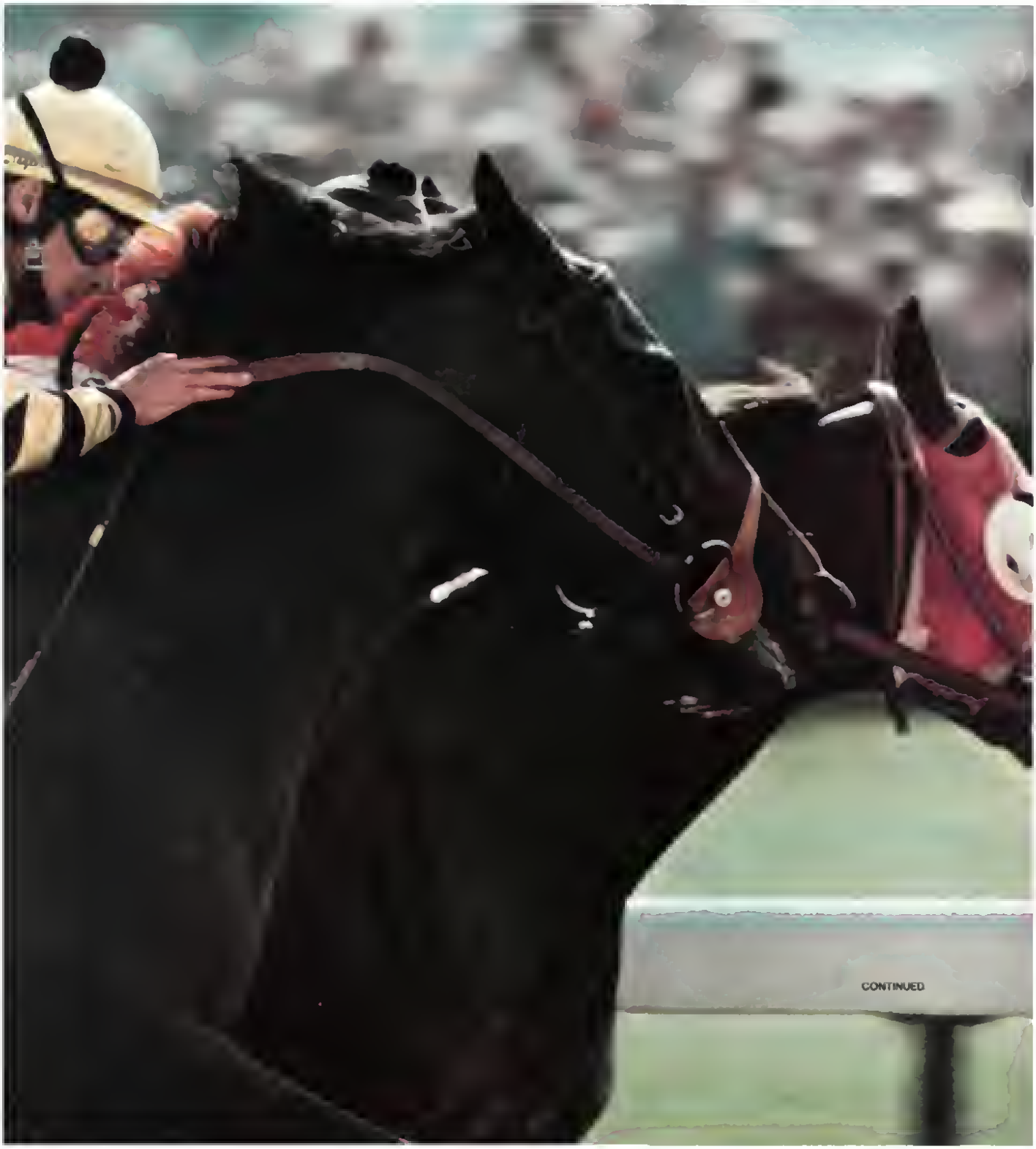


*Seattle Slew, owned by a former airline stewardess and cheered on by a host of her friends, took the Kentucky Derby to remain undefeated and a first-class Triple Crown prospect*

# FOR THE CREW

by William Leggett

*The winner (No. 3) appeared to be in a pack of trouble after a tardy start, but blasted past all but front-running For The Moment in the first quarter of a mile*



CONTINUED

When the gates opened for the Kentucky Derby last Saturday, on the most important afternoon of his young and undefeated life, Seattle Slew stood flat-footed. More money ($1,059,257) was bet on his dark bay nose than on that of any starter in the 102 previous Derbies, and for an instant all seemed lost as Slew stumbled out of his stall with 12 of 14 opponents ahead of him. Then Seattle flew, bulling his way between horses, even knocking Bob's Dusty aside in his eagerness, and within a quarter of a mile (*see cover*) he was dueling with the front-running For The Moment.

First one colt led, then the other, as they curled around the clubhouse turn. Jockey Angel Cordero on For The Moment was using virtually the same tactics that had served him so well in the 1976 Derby, when he beat Honest Pleasure with Bold Forbes. He had his colt on the rail and was keeping Jean Cruguet on Seattle Slew on the outside. At the end of six furlongs of the 1¼-mile race, For The Moment was a length in front in the brisk time of 1:10⅗, but once more Seattle Slew rolled alongside. "I saw Slew throw up his head and put out his tail and I thought he was all through," said Bill O'Neill, who trains Get The Axe, the colt that would finish fourth. "Turns out he was just starting." Seattle Slew took the lead for good as he turned for home, increasing the margin to three lengths in the stretch. As For The Moment wearied (he would falter to eighth), Run Dusty Run and Sanhedrin challenged. Cruguet stung his undefeated colt with the whip, striking him eight or nine times, and he passed the finish line 1¼ lengths ahead of Run Dusty Run and another neck in front of Sanhedrin. It was an impressive performance—but just how impressive? Did it indicate that Slew is good enough to become the 10th Triple Crown winner?

*The pacesetting colts dueled around the first turn as Cordero tried to wear down the 1-to-2 favorite*



Smiley Adams, the trainer of Run Dusty Run, said, "You sure can't say Seattle Slew won easily. I believe he can be beat and that my horse is the one to do it. Run Dusty Run was getting to him in the stretch pretty good. Everybody could see that. It was a good race for us considering Run Dusty Run was a bad fourth at one time." When Adams was asked how it felt to finish second in the Derby, he replied, "Not worth a damn."

Lou Rondinello, the trainer of Sanhedrin, said, "I don't think Seattle Slew is that great. I think maybe it's just that the opposition we've been able to provide hasn't been that good. But I'm not done with Seattle Slew yet. We'll see this through, for sure. I think the distance of the Belmont will suit my horse better."

Seattle Slew now has won seven straight. The *Daily Racing Form* has described these victories in phrases such as "easy score," "handily" and "in hand." His winning margin at Churchill Downs was his shortest yet, but the *Form* did not consider him truly threatened. The race record will note Seattle Slew was "ridden out." In other words, Cruguet was taking no chances, but the colt was not under a relentless drive. The time, a moderate 2:02⅕, does not compare favorably with Secretariat's record Derby clocking of 1:59⅖, but it was faster than the Derbies won by Triple Crown winners Count Fleet and War Admiral. So the dispute over just how good the son of Bold Reasoning is remains to be settled in the Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

Certainly Seattle Slew was impressive,

encountering trouble—and triumphing despite it—from the time he came onto the Churchill Downs track and made his way to the hot, tiny paddock under the stands. Each starter was trailed by a retinue while walking past the clubhouse to the gap that leads to the paddock. At times the horses seemed lost among the dozens of people surrounding them on the track. Photographers, in particular, pressed in on Slew. He was plainly edgy and became even more so as a band struck up the national anthem. By the time the colt was saddled and paraded with the field, as 124,038 (the fourth-largest crowd in Derby history) sang *My Old Kentucky Home*, he was washy. He struggled to get free from his stable pony. And then, because of the draw (he broke from the No. 4 post), he was loaded into the gate early and had to stand there for some two minutes before the rest of the large field was in place. Seattle Slew went through all that, then contended with more trouble than any other horse in the race, and still won

The Derby proved he is versatile. In his previous starts he had been the frontrunner, raising the question of whether he was too headstrong to run behind horses. After checking the colt for soundness following the Derby, Trainer Billy Turner said, "There goes the myth about his being impossible to rate. He can be rated, as we have said all along

"When Slew was behind For The Moment by a little more than a length, I said to myself, 'He isn't running like himself. He's going nowhere today. He's going to be beaten.' At one stage I thought he was running as far back as fourth." (Turner often stretches dull truth to make a conversation livelier.)

The 37-year-old trainer claims he saw the race on television in the grandstand. Owner Karen Taylor, who watched from a third-floor box with her husband Mickey, did not stretch the truth at all when asked how the race had looked to her. "It was a wonderful blur," she replied. "The binoculars trembled in my hands so much I couldn't see. It was both the shortest two minutes of my life and the longest."

Two hours after the Derby, Mickey Taylor walked up the track to his horse's barn. Alongside was Dr. Jim Hill, the young veterinarian who had selected Seattle Slew from among hundreds in the 1975 Fasig-Tipton summer sale. The Taylors bought the colt for $17,500. "The Derby was a tough race because of the trouble in the paddock," said Taylor. "It was like the Ringling Brothers' circus. But Slew got the job done and so did Billy Turner. He's a great horseman. We heard people knock Billy for the way he was training the horse. They'd say, 'What's he going to do, walk him into the race?' "



*In the deep stretch Run Dusty Run (1A) and Sanhedrin (second from right) closed the gap on Slew*

Some racetrackers felt that Turner was going too easy on the colt by giving him only short workouts. "Seattle Slew won't be a short horse," Trainer Woody Stephens said the morning of the Derby. "Turner is a jumping-horse man and they don't send out short horses. He's been galloping that colt for two miles for a long time."

The Slew crew, for all its inexperience (the Taylors have owned thoroughbreds for just four years), was organized. "It might seem that we don't know what we're doing, but we do," Turner said. "We haven't panicked. Mickey Taylor is one of the brightest men you could meet."

No matter how great the aggravation, good humor prevailed at the stable. "We had a party for 96 people the night before the Derby," Turner said. "I was able to get into it only because I'm thin and could slide in sideways." Their guests were stashed in different hotels throughout Louisville and a tour guide and a bus were on hand to get all the friends to the festivities and parties. Members of the Seattle Slew entourage wore yellow labels stuck on their chests so that they might recognize each other at functions, and their campers and cars bore Seattle Slew

*continued*

bumper stickers, which Karen Taylor had printed up.

No other colt drew so many rooters, and deservedly so. There was no California champion to set up an East-West battle, and the winners of the Florida, Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies were absent. While consistent performers like Run Dusty Run and For The Moment were present, there were no classy ones. It seemed that second and third money ($30,000 and $15,000) rather than the hope of taking the wreath of roses had attracted most of the field.

Ten of the 15 starters had never won a race beyond 1 1/16 miles. Sanhedrin had not won since Sept. 3, Get The Axe since Oct. 1, Sir Sir since Dec. 11. Bob's Dusty had just one victory since Nov. 10 and Papelote had none at all in the U.S. since arriving from Puerto Rico in February. The betting was the best indicator of the quality of the field. Seven starters were sent off at odds ranging from 27 to 1 to 46 to 1 and the three-horse "field" was listed at 42 to 1, the biggest price since Red Hot Pistol and Benedicto ran combined against Tim Tam in 1958. Run Dusty Run was made second choice at nearly 6 to 1, For The Moment was the third choice at 7 to 1 and Sanhedrin was next at 14 to 1. Form, what little there was of it, held up.

LeRoy Jolley, who trains For The Moment, said before the Derby, "Seattle Slew is a heck of a horse, so nobody's going to have fun running against him. But it's going to be a good race. I think some challenges will be mounted against him." Jolley, for one, was willing to send his colt head-to-head with Slew.

There was speculation that Jean Cruguet could get Slew beaten, though the field was weak, but the jockey deserves only praise for his Derby ride. "I was confident before the race and during it," he said while sipping champagne. "This winter in Florida I was thrown and broke my collarbone. Some people said I wouldn't be back in time to ride Seattle Slew in the races leading up to the Derby, but I knew I would. Nothing was going to stop me." It wasn't just Cruguet's injury that concerned people. He is considered a fine grass rider but occasionally shows poor judgment.

In fact, Cruguet, like Turner, had done his homework. He had the colt in front at the top of the stretch, and the record book shows that horses in the lead at the top of the stretch have finished first in 13 of the last 15 Derbies.

In the jockeys' room following the race, Jorge Velasquez, the rider of Sanhedrin, was saying, "I thought I would win at the top of the stretch." Just then Cruguet entered the room. "You thought so," Cruguet said, "but you didn't." Velasquez smiled broadly. "I getcha. I getcha. I getcha in the Belmont."

That remains to be seen. Sanhedrin will rest until the Belmont. Meanwhile, Seattle Slew will start in the Preakness. Run Dusty Run may try Slew again, though he now has a string of four second-place finishes. But some fresh, swift runners also will be on hand. This Saturday's Preakness Prep may match J. O. Tobin, the 1976 2-year-old champion of England, and Cormorant, who won three stakes this season before contracting a virus. Last week Cormorant worked five furlongs over a deep track at Laurel in :58 and galloped out six furlongs in 1:11⅘. "It was the greatest work I have ever seen," says Dick Dutrow, one of the top trainers in Maryland. "Four years ago I saw Ron Turcotte work Secretariat at Pimlico the Sunday before the Preakness. He went six furlongs in 1:10. The way he was moving I didn't think a horse

## AFTER THE LAST MINT JULEP, SOME SOBERING FACTS

Now that Derby No. 103 has been run, and Seattle Slew has been cheered and draped with roses in the winner's ring, it is a good time to reflect on the fate of the first- and second-place Derby finishers in the last decade. With the exception of Riva Ridge and Secretariat, who won in 1972 and 1973 and continued to perform consistently well, the first-place finishers were astounding failures. They were quickly hurt or humbled. Among them they had just 13 post-Derby wins out of 69 starts. The runners-up in America's most famous race had an almost equally dismal record—24 wins out of 106 starts.

Proud Clarion (1967), Canonero II (1971) and Bold Forbes (1976) were winners only twice after Churchill Downs. Foolish Pleasure (1975) did better, taking five of 14 races. Majestic Prince (1969) and Dust Commander (1970) had one win apiece in their 21 starts. Dancer's Image (1968) and Cannonade (1974) never won again.

"I didn't realize the record was that bad," says Jack Price, trainer of 1961 Derby winner Carry Back. "But the Derby is a spectacle, and horses race in it that don't belong. Many win that shouldn't win—they're not the best. They prep for that one race and then fall apart. What these colts were, were good animals on the first Saturday in May."

Another measurement of Derby horses is their record at stud, and they have fared as poorly off the track as on. Of recent winners, only Northern Dancer (1964) is considered a real success at stud; he was the fifth leading stallion in the U.S. last year. No other Derby winner since 1950 appeared in the top 25.

One reason why Derby colts burn out is that the Triple Crown events are run too close together and too early in the year. The races deplete the horses, consuming their talent. Britain's equivalent of the Triple Crown is spaced over 20 weeks, America's over five.

Moreover, as Trainer Horatio Luro says, "Very few trainers have a completely free hand in preparing their horses or in deciding where to enter them. The owners are running the show, and it is they who insist on putting a horse into the Derby without considering its condition or readiness." Luro trained Decidedly, who won the Derby in 1962, and Northern Dancer. He believes that horses pressed so relentlessly will either sour or break down. Undeniably, many owners enter horses in the Derby simply to bask in the limelight, to be endlessly photographed and interviewed. They do it because it means a box for six at Churchill Downs.

"I've been in racing for years, and the records of Derby horses don't shock me," says Kentucky breeder Louis Lee Haggin. "I've seen so many of these colts disappear. I think the U.S. thoroughbred needs to be crossed with fresh blood. Nearco crossed with Hyperion is supposed to be one of the greatest mixes in the world. But we've done that so often. What we need right now is a good outcross. Nobody is trying to breed a bad horse. You know, you can run all that stuff through a computer and when you're through, you feel like throwing a rock at the computer. You never get a surefire answer. If you look back at the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont, you'll find that a whole lot of our good sires won one of the three races [only one, Count Fleet (1943), won all three], but the toughest is the Derby."

It is just as well Seattle Slew can't read. If he could, the record of failure might put him off his feed.

—DEMMIE STATHOPLOS



*Karen Taylor has become racing's golden girl*

could run that fast. Now I have to say Cormorant's work was better."

Two weeks ago J. O. Tobin won the $44,450 Coronado Handicap at Hollywood Park in his second start in this country. His time for the mile was a swift 1:34⅘, which was just ⅘ of a second off the track record.

The Taylors, Turners, Hills and Slew crew have started down the longest road in racing in fine shape, but trouble could lie ahead. Two months ago, Karen and Mickey Taylor had considered how Derby Day might turn out. At the time they were standing in the stable area at Hialeah as Slew was being prepared by Turner for his first start of the season. "I don't know if I'm ready for the long spring that leads to Louisville," Mickey Taylor said, "but I'm more than willing to try. Getting to the Kentucky Derby involves a lot of work."

But it surely can be profitable. Karen Taylor has collected $376,000 in purse money along the way and clippings and souvenirs she'll have for the rest of her life. She bought a stack of programs as keepsakes last Saturday and, as is her custom, five $2-win tickets on Slew. She has win tickets for each of his races, which she says she will never cash. It would be nice to have the Triple Crown trophy to put them in. END



# IN L.A. IT'S UP, UP AND AWAY WITH CEY




*Led by a Penguin who has taken flight with 11 home runs and 37 RBIs, the Dodgers have soared to an unprecedented lead*

**by Larry Keith**

With its six-month, 162-game schedule, a major league baseball season is not supposed to be a 100-yard dash. It is a marathon, an endurance test demanding strong will, a steady pace and reserve strength for a finishing kick. At least, that is the theory. But from the very start of this season the Los Angeles Dodgers have been going flat out, crushing the opposition and setting new standards for early excellence. They have won with force, and they have won with finesse. They have been awesome at home and on the road, in the warmth of the afternoon and in the chill of the night, against hard-throwing righthanders and against curveballing lefthanders. They won their opener, have kept on winning and give every indication they plan to win some more.

The Dodgers actually began to take off in March, hanging up a 17–7 exhibition record, the best in baseball. They continued winning on Opening Day, beating San Francisco 5–1. By April 30 their lead in the National League West was 7½ games, the largest ever for the first month of the season. And at one point last week the cushion had grown to a downy-soft 10½ games, mainly because of an astonishing 22–4 start that ranked with the best getaways in baseball history. Only the 1946 Boston Red Sox, who were 21–3, and the 1955 Brooklyn Dodgers, who were 22–2 (see *box, page 28*), were in the same class.

Almost as remarkable as the Dodgers' successes are the obliging failures of their Western Division rivals. Not only was Los Angeles the only one of the six Western clubs with a winning record at the end of last week, but world champion Cincinnati, though locked in a battle for second place, was also five games under .500, three games out of the cellar and in danger of finding its Big Red Machine flooded by a tidal wave of Dodger Blue Blood.

Rallied by the exhortations of new Manager Tom ("I told you so") Lasorda, Los Angeles has been playing near-perfect baseball. Last year, when they fin-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO




*Garvey, Rhoden, Smith and Lopes greet Cey after a slump busting grand slam against the Mets*

ished 10 games behind Cincinnati in Walter Alston's 23rd and final season, the Dodgers were pussycats at the plate. Now they lead the league in hitting (.296), scoring (six runs a game) and home runs (35). They have struck early, crossing home plate by the fourth inning in all but two of their games, and they have struck late, coming from behind to win nine times. They have been well served by their other talents, too. Los Angeles has twice as many double plays (28) and stolen bases (20) as its opponents, and after a slow start the Dodger pitching staff ranks third in the league with a 3.26 ERA.

Individually, there seem to be two or three Dodgers behind every statistical bush. The best numbers belong to Ron Cey, who at week's end was leading the majors in home runs with 11 and runs batted in with 37 and was batting .357. The third baseman's 29 RBIs in April were a major league record, surpassing the 27 by Willie Stargell in 1971 and Reggie Jackson in 1974. As Larry Bowa of Philadelphia advised Cey before last Friday's game at Dodger Stadium, "You've already had a great season. Why don't you quit?"

None of the Dodgers are likely to quit while they are this far ahead. They are enjoying themselves too much. Reggie Smith, a dissident in Boston and St. Louis, is full of bonhomie and is even playing right field with a sore Achilles' tendon. Centerfielder Rick Monday can sometimes be seen parading around the dressing room wearing Lasorda's uniform shirt with a pillow stuffed beneath it. Monday, who came from the Cubs in the Dodgers' only major off-season trade, is leading the team with five game-winning hits. He can wear the manager's pants if he wants to.

There have been about as many reasons advanced for Los Angeles' success as there are players on the roster. Don Sutton, one of the Dodgers' four unbeaten pitchers, espouses the "octopus" theory. "If one tentacle doesn't get you, another one will," he explains. Cey emphasizes the acquisition of Monday and the improved physical condition of Smith and Leftfielder Dusty Baker, both

*continued*



*Lasorda's exuberant style has Baker cooking*





*Shortstop Russell has helped the Dodgers make 28 double plays, while Yeager, a .239 career hitter, has become a .373 batter under Coach Gilliam's tutelage*



of whom underwent off-season surgery. Baker has already surpassed his '76 home run output of four, and Smith is one of four regulars batting over .300. Other Dodgers, notably Catcher Steve Yeager and Pitcher Burt Hooton, cite the psychological influence of Lasorda. "The minute Tommy was named manager, we were revitalized," says Hooton. "When he told us how much confidence he had in us, it lifted us. Walt never said things like that." Adds Yeager, "With Tommy motivating us, we're not afraid to go out on the field against anyone."

Lasorda insists the daily lineup card explains everything. "They're winning because they're outstanding," he says. "I'm not surprised by our success at all." Lasorda does admit he may have expedited matters some by working his eight regulars—Davey Lopes, Bill Russell, Smith, Cey, Steve Garvey, Monday, Baker and Yeager—as a unit all through spring training. Before the preseason schedule began, Lasorda kept them on their own private practice field, where they got plenty of extra batting practice and could train, he says, like heavyweights preparing for a championship fight. He started the eight in the first intrasquad game and again in the exhibition opener. All spring he played them together and rested them together, they became a single body with eight equal parts. When it was suggested last week that the Mets might want to break the unit up by trading slugger Dave Kingman for Baker, Lasorda replied, "If I have any say, the answer will be no. And I do have the say."

He also has the other Cey, who is known as Penguin because of his short-legged, solid build and waddling, splay-footed walk. "I look at him and I can't call him Ron," says Lasorda. "He's got to be the Penguin." The Penguin followed his torrid April with a cool one-for-25 start in May. Then he broke the slump last week with a dramatic grand slam off Tom Seaver, who had walked Smith intentionally to fill the bases for Cey. The slam was the fourth of the Penguin's career, his second of the season and the first homer he ever hit off Seaver. He followed it with a one-run shot, two singles and four RBIs the next two evenings against the Phillies.

Cey has always been a consistent, if surprising, source of power. In his four seasons as a regular he has averaged 20 home runs and 90 RBIs a year, made the All-Star team three times and set a single-season fielding record for Los Angeles third basemen. This season he has had a 17-game hitting streak, he also drove in 12 runs in one three-game stretch. This dazzling display could not have come at a better time; before the season began

*Hooton used his specialty, the knuckle curve, to buckle the Mets 4–1*





the Dodgers told Cey he could renegotiate his contract. That bit of kindness will cost them plenty.

Cey decided he wanted to be a major league baseball player when he was an 8-year-old in Tacoma, Wash. "If I'd known the circumstances I'd have to overcome, I probably wouldn't have felt so strongly about it," he says. "I'm not from a good baseball area, and I don't have the size or speed of a lot of players. But baseball is all I ever wanted to do, and I was fortunate to make it, even though a lot of people said I never would. Going to college at Washington State was just a means to an end. I was there mainly to play baseball. I didn't get as much out of it academically as I could have, but I'm not sorry about it."

*Although he batted over .300 during* his five minor league seasons, Cey says he felt like a "bit actor waiting to get my big chance." He certainly made the most of his opportunity when it came. He took over third in 1973, becoming the 43rd man to occupy the position since the Dodgers moved West in 1958. Now he ranks with the best third basemen in baseball, alongside such more renowned players as Mike Schmidt, Pete Rose, Bill Madlock, Graig Nettles and George Brett. And by making himself a better fielder the past several seasons, he can safely be mentioned in the same breath with that slickest of Brooklyn Dodger third basemen, Billy Cox.

"I think there are more outstanding players at third than at any other position," Cey says. "A lot of them can hit better than me, or throw, run and field better, but I think I take care of my responsibilities for my ball club as well as any of them."

Cey's main job with the Dodgers is driving in runs, a task made easier, he feels, by his position in Lasorda's batting order. One of the manager's first moves this spring was to put Cey in the fourth spot and drop Garvey to fifth. Garvey has a higher career average but he lacks Cey's power. "The batting order is very important," says Cey. "Last year my RBIs fell off from 101 to 80 because we didn't have another power hitter to protect me. The other teams could pitch *around me. That can't happen on this* club, because I'm surrounded by too many good hitters. Last year I felt I wasn't given the opportunity to do my job. This season I'm the end result of everybody else's success."

But Cey considers himself more than just a power hitter. His sharp eye has earned him an average of 80 walks a year, and he insists that he is a .300 hitter, even if his lifetime average reads .267. "I don't go by the stats, I go by the performance," he argues. "To hit .300, a batter needs a lot of leg hits and cheap hits, and I don't get either. I do hit the ball hard with consistency, and I think that makes me a .300 hitter whether the stats say so or not. I know that may sound ridiculous, but that's the way I look at it."



*Lopes flies, whether he is fielding or stealing*

Oddly, the lone career .300 hitter among the regulars, Garvey, had until last week the lowest average in the starting lineup. But even at .278 and batting behind Cey, he is one of the league leaders in RBIs (24) and runs scored (22). Part of Garvey's difficulty is the adjustment he is making to meet Lasorda's demand for more home runs. Garvey's homer output slipped from 21 to 18 to 13 the last three seasons, but he already has six this year. "I guess I've gone to the plate trying to hit one half a dozen times so far."

*continued*

*Additional home runs could make Garvey an even bigger favorite in L.A.*




*Rhoden had the third of the Dodgers' four consecutive complete games last week*



# THE FASTEST START OF THEM ALL

*The 1977 Dodgers are not the first Dodger team to get off to a blazing start. In fact, the fastest starters in baseball history were the '55 Brooklyn Dodgers, who made a mockery of the pennant race almost before it had a chance to get under way. The following is an account of how that star-studded team broke from the gate.*

April 13, 1955 was a dismal day at Ebbets Field, cold and wet, with wisps of fog at upper-deck level, and only 6,999 fans showed up to watch the Dodgers open the season against the Pirates. For Walter Alston, beginning his second year as manager, it was essential that the Dodgers get off well if he were to keep his job. Brooklyn had won pennants under Charley Dressen in 1952 and 1953, but when Dressen had asked owner Walter O'Malley for something sweeter than a one-year contract, he had been let go. Alston was a former minor league manager whose major league experience was limited to one time at bat. He struck out. Alston's role was a ticklish one. He had to handle high-salaried stars such as Jackie Robinson, Pee Wee Reese, Gil Hodges, Don Newcombe, Duke Snider, Roy Campanella and Carl Furillo, and in 1954 Alston had not measured up. He was outmanaged by Leo Durocher, who directed the Giants to the National League pennant.

The Dodger players also were anxious to start well in '55, because they had something to prove. Reese and Robinson were 36, Furillo and Campanella 33, Hodges 31. Preseason polls had favored the Milwaukee Braves, who were led by Eddie Mathews and young Henry Aaron, to win the pennant. The Dodgers were considered too old.

On that dank Opening Day in Brooklyn, Alston handed Home Plate Umpire Lee Ballanfant the following lineup: Junior Gilliam 2B, Reese SS, Snider CF, Hodges 1B, Sandy Amoros LF, Robinson 3B, Furillo RF, Campanella C, Carl Erskine P. For 6½ innings Erskine and Max Surkont battled to a 1–1 tie, but then the Dodgers exploded. Gilliam homered, Reese doubled, Snider walked. After Hodges had struck out and Amoros had flied to deep center, advancing Reese to third, Robinson beat out a bunt past the mound to score Reese. Furillo then put the game away with a home run.

The next afternoon the Dodgers were at the Polo Grounds against the Giants. It was a wild affair. Brooklyn winning 10–8. Newcombe gave up 12 hits but contributed two home runs. Campanella and Furillo had one each. Sal Maglie took the loss.

Then it was 6–3 over the Giants again, 6–0, 10–3 and 3–2 over the Pirates and 5–2, 7–6, 3–2 and 14–4 over the Phillies. The last of those wins, the Dodgers' 10th in a row, set a major league record that still stands for consecutive victories at the start of a season.

On Friday, April 22 the Dodgers finally lost a game, the Giants scoring five runs in the eighth to win 5–4, helped by a pair of spectacular catches in center field by Willie Mays. The next day Erskine beat Maglie 3–1, but the Giants bounced back to win an epic battle, scoring two runs in the ninth inning to tie at 5–5 and six more in the 10th to apparently win with ease. But the Dodgers rallied for five runs to make the final score 11–10.

Although Brooklyn had an 11–2 start—better than Alston could have dreamed of—its lead over second-place Milwaukee was only 2½ games. However, the second wave was about to begin. From April 27 through May 10 the Dodgers played 11 games and won them all. In the last of these, Newcombe pitched a near-perfect game, yielding one single and no walks to the Cubs. That made Brooklyn's record 22–2 and put the Dodgers 9½ games ahead of the Giants, who were second.

During the remarkable 24-game stretch, Brooklyn played every team in the league and lost only to the Giants. They averaged seven runs a game. Snider had 30 runs batted in, Campanella 26 and Furillo 23 to rank 1–2–3 in the league. Snider was tops in home runs with nine, Furillo next with eight. Erskine, 5–0, had a 1.33 earned run average. Newcombe was 4–0. The team batting average was .272, second to the Cardinals, but the Dodgers were first in homers and runs.

Although their .917 pace inevitably slackened—the Dodgers finished the season with a 98–55 record and a .641 percentage—they were was never seriously threatened, leading by 11½ games at the All-Star break and clinching the pennant on Sept. 8 when their lead over the Braves was 17. And, as all old Brooklyn fans will recall, the 1955 team went on to the Dodgers' first World Series victory, beating the Yankees in the seventh game with Johnny Podres pitching and Sandy Amoros ah, but that's another story.

—WALTER BINGHAM

**AWAY WITH CEY** *continued*

he says, "and I've succeeded twice. I'm still trying to learn to hit for average and for home runs at the same time. It's going to take a while."

At the other extreme is Yeager, who has a .239 career average but last week was leading the team and standing fourth in the league at .373. Yeager will not stay there, but by heeding Coach Jim Gilliam's advice to cut down on his swing and go to right field occasionally, he should not repeat last year's .214. "If I bat .260, I might win the Comeback of the Year Award," Yeager says.

Baker could be a candidate, too. When he came to the Dodgers from Atlanta last year, he had a .278 career average, 77 homers in his four seasons and a bad knee. After arriving in L.A. he missed 50 games and batted only .242. He is hitting .274 so far in '77, and last week he hit home runs in consecutive games. "Nobody seemed to believe I was really hurt last year," he says. "They believed I was as bad as I was playing. I'm not."

The fact is, a lot of people are wondering if the Dodgers are as good as they're playing. Among the doubters are the Reds, though they have lost twice to Los Angeles. "They ain't going to play no .750 ball, or .700 or .680 or .650," says Manager Sparky Anderson. "If we play .650 ball, we'll win." Pitcher Jack Billingham agrees. "We will win our 95 games," he says. "If the Dodgers win 105 they'll beat us. But they aren't that good."

When these quotes were clipped from the newspaper and posted in the Dodger dressing room by mischievous PR Man Steve Brener, a few players saw Cincy red. "Yeah, I'm bothered when they say things like that," said Smith. "It's like they're trying to talk their way to the pennant. They're showing no respect for us, and I feel we've earned it. I just want them to respect us and not try to scare us. You still have to do it on the field, and they haven't."

The reason the Reds haven't is the slumber in their lumber. In direct contrast to the Dodgers' high averages, Cincinnati is hitting only .266. Cesar Geronimo is struggling at .209, Dan Driessen's .247 mark isn't making anybody forget Tony Perez, and MVP Joe Morgan is trudging along at .268. Except for one 23-run extravaganza against Atlanta, the Reds are producing less than

*continued*




*LTD II Brougham*

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| Birmingham | Charles Arndt |
| Birmingham | Executive Shop |
| Brewton | Thompson's |
| Dothan | Blumberg's |
| Leeds | Taylor Co. |
| Mobile | Adolf's |
| Montgomery | Fannin's |
| Muscle Shoals | Colony Mens Shop |
| Selma | Lilienthal's |

**ARIZONA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Phoenix | Jalen's Big & Tall |
| Tucson | Jalen's Big & Tall |

**ARKANSAS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Benton | Bryon's |
| Clinton | Leflar's Fashions |
| Dewitt | Fashion Post |
| Fayetteville | Boston Store |
| Fayetteville | Trumbo's |
| Forest City | Edwin Houston |
| Fort Smith | Boston Store |
| Fort Smith | Suit Shop of America |
| Hot Springs | Rephan's |
| Hot Springs | Schrader's |
| Little Rock | Cullum & Boren |
| Little Rock | Rhynsburger's |
| Little Rock | Phillips Mens Store |
| Malvern | Robert Jones |
| Rogers | Doan's Mens Wear |
| Springdale | Camp's |
| West Memphis | Saig's |

**CALIFORNIA**

Eagleson's—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Concord | Lions' Den B & T |
| Indio | Bob Williams |
| Oakland | Lions' Den B & T |
| Palm Desert | Charles of the Desert |
| Palm Desert | Fuller Fashions |
| Palm Springs | Nelson's Oasis |
| San Lorenzo | Gredins |
| Southern California | Silverwoods |
| Torrance | Del Amo Big & Tall |

**COLORADO**

| | |
|---|---|
| Denver | Gate's |

**CONNECTICUT**

| | |
|---|---|
| Bristol | Land's |
| Danbury | D. M. Read |
| Groton | Goodson's |
| New Haven | Mack Miller |
| New Haven | The Stag Shop |
| Orange | Nat Greenblatt |
| Stamford | Grimbels |
| Stamford | Frank Martin & Sons |
| Trumbull | O. M. Read |

**DELAWARE**

Jack Lang—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Laurel | A. H. Phillips |

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Washington | Demos & Co. B & T |

**FLORIDA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Boca Raton | Arthur Buck |
| Clearwater | Gayfer's |
| Clearwater Beach | Harvey's |
| Deerfield Beach | Gordon's Stek Rak |
| Ft. Lauderdale | Big Man Tall Man |
| Hallandale | Big Man-Tall Man |
| Jacksonville | Leibo's |
| Key Biscayne | Burns Ltd. |
| Lake Worth | Johnson's |
| Largo | Larry's Big & Tall |
| Miami | Lanson's |
| Miami Beach | Baron's |
| Pensacola | Gayfer's |
| Riviera Beach | Forest Mens Shop |
| Temple Terrace | P. M. B. Fashions |

**GEORGIA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Albany | H. Osvis & Sons |
| Athens | George Gibson's |
| Atlanta | Ring Size Clothes |
| Atlanta | Rich's |
| Atlanta | Zachry |
| Columbus | Harry a Haberdashery |
| Dublin | Imperial Mens Shop |
| Gainesville | Frierson McEver |
| LaGrange | Mansour's |
| Mableton | Ruff's |
| Rossville | Vassey's |

**IDAHO**

| | |
|---|---|
| Nampa | Howard Holzinger's |

**ILLINOIS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Aurora | Denny's Big & Tall |
| Carbondale | Sohns Nargene |
| Chicago | Brighten Clothes |
| Chicago | Central Mens Wear |
| Chicago | Cohn & Stern |
| Chicago | Family Golf Center |
| Chicago | Lewis Mens Wear |
| Chicago Hgts. | Rino's |
| Effingham | El Metador |
| Herrin | Sohn's |
| Jacksonville | Gillespie's |
| Macomb | Nelson Clo. Co. |
| McHenry | McGee's |
| Milan | Mesenlaider's |
| Orland Park | Bylon's Mens Wear |
| Peoria | The Bell |
| Pittsfield | The Clothing Center |
| Quincy | Yates and Hagan |
| Rockford | Country Gentleman |
| Rock Island | Mesenlaider's |
| Schaumburg | Mailer Big |
| Skokie | M. Nyman & Son |
| Taylorville | Summer's |

**INDIANA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Angola | Stuck's |
| Carmel | Fogle's |
| Crown Point | Craig Clo. |
| East Chicago | Lewin's |
| Elkhart | Myer's Men's Wear |
| Fowler | Muller/Mullar |
| Ft. Wayne | Meyers & McCarthy |
| Goshen | Snyder's Mens Shop |
| Highland | Lewin/Wolf |
| Jasper | The Modern |
| Indianapolis | Style Store B & T |
| Mishawaka | Max Adler |
| Nappanee | J & R Coppes |
| New Albany | P. A. Niemaier |
| Vincennes | Alberts |
| Whiting | Lewin's |

**IOWA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Ames | Ouriam & Ourism |
| Cedar Rapids | Armstrong's |
| Cedar Rapids | Holley's |
| Council Bluffs | Iowa Clothes Shop |
| Davenport | Mesenfelder's |
| Des Moines | Park Ave. Shoe & Clo. |
| Knoxville | Plaza Mens Wear |
| Mason City | Van Duyn's |
| Muscatine | Fox's |
| Muscatine | Mesenlaider's |
| Sioux City | Black Knight |
| Sioux City | Rehan's |
| Washington | Joe Falk Clo. |
| Waterloo | Black's |

**KANSAS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Coffeyville | Wainberg's |
| Leawood | Mallow's |
| Overland Park | Jack Green's |

**KENTUCKY**

| | |
|---|---|
| Paducah | Triad Shop |

**LOUISIANA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Alexandria | Weiss & Goldring |
| Amite | The Boyate Oak |
| Baton Rouge | Arthur's |
| Baton Rouge | Cohn-Turner |
| Bossier City | Pope's |
| De Ridder | Standard Mercantile |
| Houma | Earl Williams |
| Jennings | Ivan's |
| Lafayette | Abdalla's |
| Lafayette | Gaidry's |
| Lafayette | Emile Joseph's |
| Lake Charles | Gaidry's |
| Lake Charles | Love's |
| Laplace | Richards |
| Monroe | Nanelme's |
| Monroe | The Toggery |
| New Orleans | Gemelli's |
| New Orleans | Hesse's Sportswear |
| New Orleans | Porter-Stevens |
| New Orleans | Rubenstein Bros. |
| Natchez | Richards |
| Shreveport | Jordan & Booth |
| Thibodaux | Johnny's |

**MAINE**

| | |
|---|---|
| Portland | Benoit's |

**MARYLAND**

| | |
|---|---|
| Berlin | Style Guide |
| Hyattsville | Fred's Mens Shop |
| Landover | Fred's Mens Shop |
| Pikesville | Mrs. Margolis |
| Rockville | George & Co. B & T |
| Salisbury | Ralph & Gaskill |

**MASSACHUSETTS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Canton | Martin Edwards Ltd. |
| Fall River | Empire Mens Shop |
| Haverhill | Barrett's |
| Long Meadow | Vsjen's |
| Medford | Thomas O'Briene |
| North Cambridge | Congress Mens Shop |
| Pittsfield | Berkshire Hills Shop |
| Southbridge | Osvid Lentil's |
| Westfield | Eaton's |
| West Springfield | Yale Gentsn |

**MICHIGAN**

| | |
|---|---|
| Ann Arbor | Anton's |
| Bay City | Marvin's |
| Burton | Binder's |
| Canton | Shilman's |
| Davison | Homer Nill |
| Dearborn | Anton's |
| Detroit | Harry's Big & Tall |
| Detroit | Le Clair |
| East Lansing | Hallner's |
| Farmington Hills | Hank's |
| Flint | Marvin's |
| Grand Rapids | Jurgens & Holtvluwer |
| Holland | Lokker Rutgers |
| Livonia | Shilman's |
| Mt. Clemens | Anton's |
| Oak Park | Shilman's |
| St. Clair Shores | Wale's Big & Tall |
| Sterling Heights | Anton's |
| Troy | The Barn |
| Warren | Anton's |
| Ypsilanti | Hstner's |

**MINNESOTA**

M & R Men—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Duluth | Wilson's |
| Hastings | Perman's |
| Marshall | Olsen & Lowe |
| Minneapolis | Brawn Clo. |
| Minneapolis | Cedric's |
| Minneapolis | Eklund Clo. |
| Minneapolis | Juster's |
| Northfield | Perman's |
| St. Paul | Cedric's |
| St. Paul | Field-Schlick |
| St. Paul | Jack Raymond's |
| West St. Paul | Von Arsdell's |
| Willmar | R. E. Tergerson |

**MISSISSIPPI**

| | |
|---|---|
| Biloxi | Gayler's |
| Brookhaven | Lofton's |
| Columbus | Reed's |
| Greenwood | Star Tailors Phil's |
| Grenada | The Stag Shop |
| Jackson | Gaylar's |
| Jackson | Stevens |
| Laurel | Hamilton Graves |
| Meridian | Marks Rothenberg |
| Meridian | Harry Mayer |
| Natchez | Benoist Bros. |
| Pascagoula | Brumfield's |
| Prentiss | Mike's |
| Tupelo | Reed's |
| Woodville | The Stag Shop |

**MISSOURI**

| | |
|---|---|
| Florissant | Larry's Mens Shop |
| Hannibal | Ysiea and Nagan |
| Jackson | Andrew Jackson |
| Kansas City | Michael's |
| Malden | McConnell's |
| St. Louis | Boyd's |
| St. Louis | Wolff's |
| Springfield | Cole's |
| Washington | Reddes Mens Wear |

**NEBRASKA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Grand Island | Greenberger's |

**NEVADA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Las Vegas | Allen & Henson |
| Las Vegas | Silverwoods |

**NEW HAMPSHIRE**

| | |
|---|---|
| Dover | Morton's |

**NEW JERSEY**

Field Brothers—All Stores
Jack Lang Clothes—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Atlantic City | Schultz |
| Cherry Hill | George Jacoba |
| Cherry Hill | Lee Nauman |
| Clifton | Mee & Arnie's |
| Collingswood | Lee Newman |
| Lake Hiawatha | Tony Ruda |
| Mt. Ephraim | Ergood's |
| Paramus | Gimbels |
| Vineland | Dom Michaels |
| Wildwood | Allen's Mens Wear |

**NEW MEXICO**

| | |
|---|---|
| Albuquerque | Dale's |

**NEW YORK**

Field Brothers—All Stores
Gimbels—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Bronx | Fox Clothes |
| Buffalo | C & B Mens Shop |
| Carthage | Beyer's |
| Fishkill | Al Weiss |
| New Rochelle | The Mannerly Shop |
| Newburgh | Al Weiss |
| Rochester | Zeit's Big & Tall |
| Utica | Gerald's |

**NORTH CAROLINA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Asheville | The Man Store |
| Boone | Daughtary's |
| Durham | Belk Leggett |
| Durham | Young Men's Shop/Northgate |
| Hickory | West-Dael Co. |
| Lenoir | Barron Mills |
| Lexington | Pickett & Green |
| Lumberton | A. Weinstein & Sons |
| Nags Head | The Osprey |
| Raleigh | Barrett & Edwards |
| Reidsville | Hooper & Moore |
| St. Paule | Joe Sugar's |
| Southern Pines | Sir Richard Ltd. |
| Statesville | Nine Bagby Co. |
| Wilmington | Ed Fishman & Bros. |
| Winston-Salem | Nine Bagby Co. |

**NORTH DAKOTA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Bismarck | Sharks & Evans |
| Devils Lake | Glickson's |
| Oakes | Berth's |

**OHIO**

Harry's Big & Tall—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Akron | Koch's |
| Canton | Joe Slaughter |
| Cincinnati | McAlpen's |
| Cleveland | Gernik's |
| Dalton | Jerry's |
| Dayton | Elder-Beerman |
| Louisville | Chuck's |
| Solon | Wickliffe's |
| Steubenville | Myer & Stone |
| Toledo | Anthony's |
| Toledo | Diamond's |

**OKLAHOMA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Ardmore | L. O. Hammons |
| Duncan | Ben & Ray |
| Miami | Hamrems-Barlow |
| Oklaname City | Cutchall's |
| Oklahoma City | King Size Clothes |
| Tulsa | Ring Size Clothes |
| Yukon | Bead's Dept. Store |
| Woodward | Rane Haberdashery |

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Jack Lang Clothes—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Ambridge | Turner's |
| Butler | McCarren's |
| Clarion | Charade's |
| Dunmore | Philip Friedman |
| Franklin | Squire Shop |
| Greensburg | Gongaware & Lang |
| Meadville | Wolden |
| Nanticoke | Al's Mens Shop |
| Philadelphia | Berry's |
| Philadelphia | Lee Hewman |
| Philadelphia | Nat Raih |
| Reading | Croll & Keck |
| St. Marys | Ivan's Mens Shop |

**RHODE ISLAND**

| | |
|---|---|
| Barrington | Hansen's |
| Garden City | St. Onge's |
| Warwick | St. Onge's |
| West Warwick | St. Onge's |

**SOUTH CAROLINA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Camden | Belk |
| Columbia | Checkmate East |
| Greenville | Belk Simpson |
| Myrtle Beach | Nelson's |
| Southern Pines | Sir Richard Ltd. |
| Sumter | Gentlemen's Corner |
| Taylors | Gallery Mens Shop |
| Walterboro | Worshaw's |

**SOUTH DAKOTA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Sioux Falls | Herman's |

**TENNESSEE**

| | |
|---|---|
| Memphis | Cashon Wright |
| Memphis | Gelfsmith's |
| Memphis | Lansky Bros. |
| Memphis | Slep Mens Shop |
| Memphis | Wright's |
| Nashville | Castner & Knotts |
| Tiptonville | George Hemra's |
| Tiptonville | Skip's Den |
| Tullahoma | Clyde Phillips |
| Union City | Bennett's |

**TEXAS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Abilene | Grissom's |
| Arlington | Frank's King Size Clo. |
| Austin | Cullum & Boren |
| Austin | Frank's King Size Clo. |
| Brownfield | Collin's |
| Chsmpions | The New Nardage |
| Conroe | The Men's Shop |
| Cleburne | Tweedell's |
| Corpus Christi | Wiesteads' |
| Dallas | Cullum & Boren |
| Dallas | Frank's King Size Clo. |
| Dallas | Irby Mayes |
| Dallas | King Size Clothes |
| Dallas | Tall E-He |
| Denison | L. O. Hammons |
| Denton | Bomar's |
| Ft. Worth | Cox's |
| Ft. Worth | Frank's Ring Size Clo. |
| Groves | Orydson's |
| Henderson | Earl's |
| Houston | Floyd's |
| Houston | Gent's |
| Houston | Ring Size Clothes |
| Houston | Leopold Price & Rolfe |
| Kilgore | Hurwitz Man's Shop |
| Lamesa | Collin's |
| Levelland | Tipp's Mens Wear |
| Longview | Hurwitz Men's Shop |
| Longview | Turpie Slade's |
| Lubbock | Frank's King Size Clo. |
| Lubbock | S & O Clothiers |
| Lufkin | Blacksteck's |
| McAllen | Chelalepher's |
| Mexia | The Stag Shop |
| Mt. Pleasant | Legg & Harrison |
| Nacagdoches | Jimmie Simmons |
| Odessa | Jim's Tall & Big |
| Odessa | Melvin's Clothiers |
| Odessa | Model Shop |
| San Angelo | Crowder's |
| San Angelo | Mr. Sam's |
| San Antonio | Cullum & Boren |
| San Antonio | Duffy T's |
| San Antonio | Frank Bros. |
| San Antonio | Sid Robbins |
| Tyler | Hurwitz Mens Shop |
| Wichita Falls | Muehlberger's |

**VIRGINIA**

Rices Nechmans—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Annandale | The Quality Shop |
| Arlington | The Quality Shop |
| Charlottesville | The Young Men's Shop |
| McLean | George & Co. B & T |
| Richmond | France's |
| Roanoke | Goldring-Smallwood |
| Roanoke | Mitchell's |

**WASHINGTON**

| | |
|---|---|
| Spokane | The Crescent |

**WEST VIRGINIA**

| | |
|---|---|
| Charleston | Prenkenberger's |
| Charleston | Kelley's |
| Clarksburg | Meier's |
| Huntington | Ambery & Johnson |
| Parkersburg | Horner & Harrison |
| Princeton | The Stag |
| Richwood | The Clothiamen |
| Williamson | The Men's Shop Ltd. |

**WISCONSIN**

| | |
|---|---|
| Green Bay | Nau's |
| La Crosse | Nawburg's |
| Milwaukee | M. Hyman & Son |
| Milwaukee | Schmitt Orlow-Stumpfs |
| Racine | Jargensen's |
| Sheboygan | Riese Hertel |
| Tomahawk | Golden Ege |
| Wausau | Polaca Clo. |

**PUERTO RICO**

Clubman—All Stores

| | |
|---|---|
| Bayamon | Daben |
| Bayamon | Juan B. Rivera |
| Carolina | Daben |
| Ponce | Domenech |
| Santurce | Daben |
| Santurce | Milton's |

four runs a game. That's not nearly enough, because their pitchers have a staff ERA of 4.42.

Nevertheless, nobody in Cincinnati seems very worried. History, the Reds feel, is in their favor. "The Dodgers' lead doesn't bother us," says Anderson. "They come back to us every year in July. Don't ask me why, but they always come back." Morgan adds, "Chasing the Dodgers is the most fun I've had in baseball."

Indeed, the Dodgers have built more leads than they have kept in recent years, and the Reds have often been the beneficiaries of the Los Angeles swoons. In 1969 the Dodgers were in first place as late as July 18; they finished the season fourth, well behind Atlanta. In 1972 the Dodgers were leading on June 8 and ended up third. In 1973 they led from June 17 to Sept. 2, holding an 8½-game lead at one point, and finished second. They won in 1974, staying in first place from April 14 on, but in 1975 and '76 they again blew early leads to finish second, 20 and 10 games behind Cincinnati. Obviously, goes the Reds' thinking, a rousing Dodger start only means there is more time left for them to blow everything and get caught in the end.

Cey is probably right in suspecting that Anderson's reference to years past is psychological warfare. "But to say we've given them the pennant every year is the most hypocritical thing I've heard," he says. "We always said they won because they were the best in baseball."

It's gamesmanship, Penguin, just gamesmanship. Smith and Cey could both learn from Lasorda, who is more adept at verbal sparring. For instance, when the Dodgers beat the Reds 3–1 last month in Cincinnati, Anderson said, "They won't win many games by getting just five hits." To which Lasorda replied, "And we won't lose many when we allow only one run." Last week Lasorda elaborated, "Sparky's got a right to his opinion. They're like rear ends—everybody has one. But I can't get involved with what he says or how his club is doing." With that Lasorda paused, reached for a postgame slice of salami, and asked devilishly, "Who's on top?"

And the Dodgers will stay there if they continue playing as they did last week in five straight victories over the Mets and Phillies. Los Angeles produced its best pitching of the year, four straight complete games compared to the same number for the rest of the season. On Monday Doug Rau did need ninth-inning help from knuckleballing Reliever Charlie Hough before beating Jerry Koosman 3–1. The string of complete games began the next night, when Hooton allowed only four hits and equaled the league high this year with 11 strikeouts in a 4–1 victory. Tommy John followed with another four-hitter in a 3–1 duel with Jon Matlack, and on Thursday the Dodgers beat Tom Seaver 7–2. All seven runs came in the fifth inning, equaling the total number Seaver had allowed in five previous starts.

New York left town gladly, and Philadelphia entered cautiously. It turned out that everything the Phillies had heard about the Dodgers was true. Sutton turned in the fourth straight complete game as the Dodger bats exploded again for a 9–3 victory. In the first inning Los Angeles scored twice on consecutive home runs by Smith and Cey. Then, in the second, L.A. found another way to attack. After Baker led off with a hustling double to left, Catcher John Oates, subbing for Yeager, sacrificed him to third. From there Sutton squeezed him home. Three hits and two walks brought in four more runs, two of them on Cey's bases-loaded single. The deluge concluded with two more runs in the fifth.

The streak ended on Saturday when the Dodgers uncharacteristically let a 4–0 lead slip away in a 7–4, 13-inning loss.

It is inevitable that the Dodger hitting will cool. And when it does, good pitching could solve a lot of problems. Rick Rhoden will not always get an average of eight runs a start, but that is what the offense has been providing him. The most consistent pitchers have been Sutton, 4–0 with a 1.53 ERA and 18 victories in his last 21 decisions, and Hough, who has three wins, seven saves and 15 appearances. Shades of Mike Marshall in 1974.

"We've reached the point now where we think we can win every time we play," says Lopes, another Dodger league-leader with 14 steals. "It's like we're in a poker game, and every time the other guys get four kings, we lay down four aces."

Lasorda, who is thick with the showbiz swells, received a postcard recently from Don Rickles. "You're winning so far," Rickles wrote. "But if things get lousy, remember we never met." The way the Dodgers have been playing, Rickles may turn out to be Lasorda's friend all the way to October. **END**

## THE EQUITABLE FAMILY TENNIS CHALLENGE TOURNAMENT AREAS

ALABAMA
ARIZONA
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA
COLORADO
CONNECTICUT
DELAWARE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
FLORIDA
GEORGIA
HAWAII
IDAHO
ILLINOIS
INDIANA
IOWA
KANSAS
KENTUCKY
LOUISIANA
MAINE
MARYLAND
MASSACHUSETTS
MICHIGAN
MINNESOTA
MISSISSIPPI
MISSOURI
NEBRASKA
NEW HAMPSHIRE
NEVADA
NEW JERSEY
NEW MEXICO
NEW YORK
NORTH CAROLINA
NORTH DAKOTA
OHIO
OKLAHOMA
OREGON
PENNSYLVANIA
PUERTO RICO
RHODE ISLAND
SOUTH CAROLINA
SOUTH DAKOTA
TENNESSEE
TEXAS
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VERMONT
VIRGINIA
WASHINGTON
WEST VIRGINIA
WISCONSIN
WYOMING

# Here's your chance to win a title at Forest Hills.

Enter the Equitable Family Tennis Challenge. If you make the finals, you'll play them at Forest Hills during the U.S. Open. Maybe even win the title.

Last year, 82,000 entered this national tournament run in conjunction with the United States Tennis Association. The Equitable Family Tennis Challenge has three levels of play: Local, Sectional and National. The Local play will be conducted between June 11 and July 17 in the tournament areas listed at the left. Family teams may enter, regardless of where they live.

Only these mixed family teams are eligible: father-daughter, mother-son, grandfather-granddaughter, grandmother-grandson. All four categories will combine into a single draw. There will be only one winning team in each Local area. Players must be amateurs and unranked nationally by the USTA since January 1, 1972. Sorry, but teaching professionals are not eligible.

The child team member cannot turn 19 by October 1, 1977, and there must be a minimum 15 year difference in the birth years of team members.

Also, each family member can play on only one team.

Local winners and runners-up receive awards. One winning team in each Local area will advance to one of the 16 Sectional tournaments to be held between July 23 and August 21. Teams will travel to Local and Sectional competitions at their own expense. One team from each Sectional will advance to the National Finals with all expenses paid.

Entry coupons must be postmarked before midnight, June 1, 1977. In the event of an exceptionally large response, entry may be restricted and teams selected on a postmark basis.

So get your tennis sneakers, grab your racket, and send your entry form today.



1976 winners of The Equitable Family Tennis Challenge Mrs. Cathy Sandford and her son, John, receive their trophy at center court Forest Hills Stadium.

## ENTRY FORM

Mother-Son ☐ Father-Daughter ☐

Mother-Daughter ☐ Grandfather-Granddaughter ☐

We understand that all four categories will combine into a single draw and that only 1 team in each Local area will advance to the Sectionals.

The tournament requirements have been read and our team qualifies. We understand that you will contact us about a playing date and location.

Parent's name _____ Birth date _____
(last name first, please print)

Child's name _____ Birth date _____
(last name first, please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home telephone (  ) _____ Office (  ) _____

USTA Member: Parent ☐ Yes ☐ No Child ☐ Yes ☐ No

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*Penn*® - *the Official Ball of the Equitable Family Tennis Challenge*

# COUNTDOWN TO A POT OF GOLD

Although it is listed as just another event on the 14-race United States Auto Club calendar, in effect the Indianapolis 500 is a season unto itself. Drivers and crews are at the Speedway for more than three weeks, practicing, testing, qualifying, trying to shave fractions of a second, squeeze out more power, find extra mileage. But as the last Sunday in May nears, another Indy begins: a frenetic schedule of parties and promotions and meetings with sponsors that nibble away at a driver's time and weaken his concentration. Just to make matters worse, the last time a driver can test his car is "Carburetion Day," four days before Sunday's race. Last year Photographer Lane Stewart kept pace with pole-winner Johnny Rutherford during the final days of May as he made the rounds—tirelessly smiling, shaking hands, signing autographs. On May 30 all of Rutherford's efforts became worthwhile—and worth $256,121—as he won the second 500 of his 14-year career at the Speedway.

CONTINUED






An afternoon party honored the pole winner

Later Johnny joined his crew for a banquet




Final practice on Thursday is the last time the drivers take to the track before empty grandstands

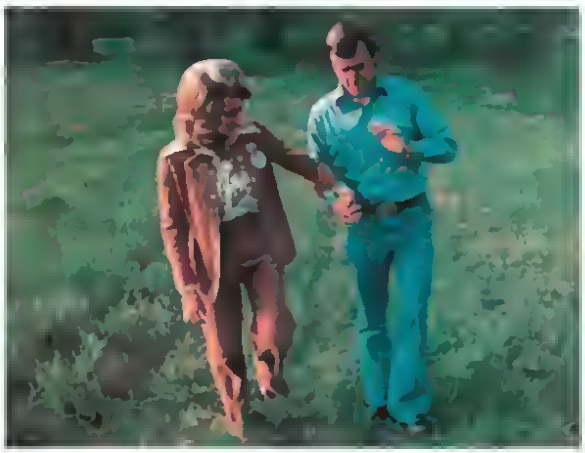


Even on quiet days a gantlet of fans has to be run between the pit area and Gasoline Alley






*Johnny's smile was turned up full when his sponsor threw a party*



*The night before the 500 Johnny and Betty Rutherford unwound alone*



It s all in the family as the four Rutherfords take part in the 500 Festival parade on Saturday



The hometown folks met the racers at the Indianapolis Athletic Club



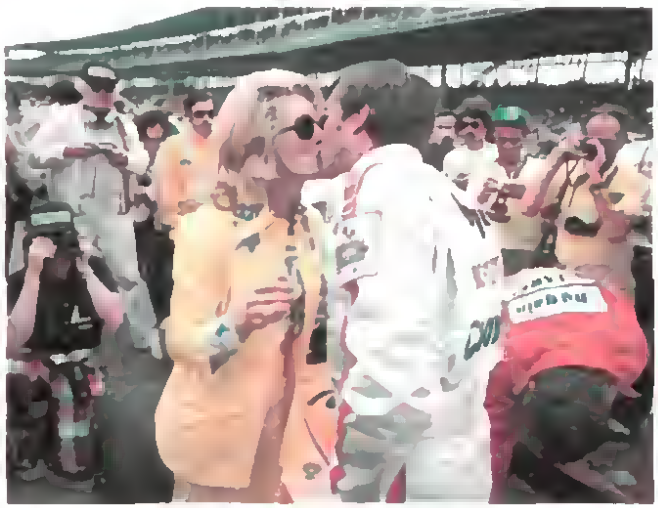
Thursday through Sunday Rutherford's car was in his crew s hands



Betty, who times his races, and his fire suited pit crew signaled Johnny off on the opening lap




*Rutherford led when the race was halted because of rain. The cars had gone just far enough to make it official when the 500 was called two hours later.*



*Johnny and Betty exchanged a prerace kiss minutes before the call to "Start your engines!"*



*The Awards banquet on Monday was the final party—and the one Rutherford enjoyed the most.*

# THE UNSEEN INDY

The buildup begins the moment you know you've qualified for the race. I had tried to qualify in 1969, '70 and '71 and hadn't made it. The first year the officials told me I didn't have enough experience even to be allowed on the track. The second year I crashed and the third year I qualified but was bumped from the field by a faster car. Then came '72, and finally, suddenly, gloriously, I made the show, qualifying on the inside of the third row, seventh fastest. That same day people began calling, asking me if I was a good bet at the 9-1 odds they were quoting on me.

There was a two-week hiatus between the day I qualified and the race. Except for a few interviews and promotional appearances, and an occasional run in the car to make sure everything was checked out, there wasn't much for me to do except wait. I guess I could have gone home for a while, but I never thought of it. What I liked to do was to go over to the track and hang around with my crew. The bigger teams reserve two or three garage bays with the walls knocked out in between, but we had a garage just big enough for our one car and not much else. The car sat on jack stands and, unlike myself, the crew could keep busy by assembling, disassembling, checking and double-checking.

In the evenings I went back to my motel room and exercised. I would grip a desk chair by its back legs, hold it straight out in front of me, then twist it from side to side in a way that simulated the turning of the steering wheel. I found this exhausting, and I was never sure if I really could build up the right muscles for the three-hour grind I had worked so hard to become a part of.

When I went to the Speedway the day before the race, the big gang mowers were putting the finishing touches on the lawns, and the smell of fresh-cut grass was in the air. We were told to report to the pit lane for the "drivers meeting," a ceremony really. Right after it we went to a small airless room under the grandstand—no press or spectators admitted. There was where final instructions were issued.

Next we all picked up and headed into town for the Festival Parade. There were bands and floats, but the center of attention was the drivers. That year we were in 11 identical convertibles moving at walking speed, three to a car, riding on the rear deck. Each convertible symbolized a row of the 11-row, 33-car grid that would take the flag the following day. I was in the third car with Swede Savage and Johnny Rutherford. The crowd was enthusiastic and shouted encouragement. "Johnny!" "Way to go, Swede!" "Sam, baby!" A woman, grossly overweight, dressed in short pants and a halter top, crabbed alongside our car, holding out her autograph book. "Good luck tomorrow, boys," she said, then fell back to meet the next car. The three of us laughed and joked and signed each other's names in the autograph books, but each of us knew that the next morning, strapped into our cars, our helmets on, we would barely exchange a glance. Tomorrow was that other life, the narrow part of the channel where things happen quickly and for keeps.

In the evening there were parties all over town. My younger brother, having driven non-stop from Connecticut to see me in the race, was encamped somewhere beyond the Speedway grounds. Later he told me that from the moment it was known he was related to a driver he never had to buy another beer. The backers of my car arrived from California and Oklahoma and threw a barbecue at Howard Johnson's. My crew chief and I wanted a last chance to go over our strategy for the race, so we begged off from the party and went to a small restaurant. My girl friend was with us and the atmosphere was very calm and controlled. Later I slept soundly for five hours and awoke just after dawn.

Indy is run at 11 a.m., and I had planned to be up early so I wouldn't be hurried. The room was familiar; I had been living in it for almost a month. But today it seemed strange to me, and I couldn't persuade myself it wasn't.

On the morning of the race the police keep open a special approach route for the drivers and crews, and the road was empty. It was eerie because on the adjacent streets the traffic was crawling. I drove through the tunnel that runs under the track between Turns One and Two, emerging on the Speedway grounds. There the grandstands, huge and stretching away to the horizon, were the perimeters of a space so vast it was like a separate universe.

I was used to seeing the stands empty, now they were packed, a wall of undulating colors as the crowd settled into place. The infield parking lots were full and a wave of heat shimmered above the cars. Already it was 80°. All along I had thought I understood the actuality of the race and what I was getting into. Now I wasn't so sure.

Hastily I went to the garage area and, opening the door, I was surprised to see that the car was gone. It had been taken out to the grid. The crewmen were changing into their fireproof refueling outfits. Nobody said a word to me. Soon they left to be with the car. I sat on the floor in a corner. The cement was cool, almost relaxing.

There was very little time left and I was sure that by slowing my breathing and concentrating on small details I would be fine, that I would be in control. I started to change into my driving suit, taking great care. For a moment the garage door opened and a bright wedge of light spread across the floor. I heard a constant roaring sound, like a busy airport in the distance, and I knew it was the crowd. I was told it was time to go.

I went out then, quickly, into the sun. I think my crew chief was carrying my helmet, and the police held back the crowds. I saw the autograph books but there was no time now, and I walked straight through, between the grandstands, to the car. Of the three of us who had clowned around in the pace car, Swede would crash in the 500 a year later and die of his injuries a month afterward. Johnny would win the big race twice in his next four tries and become a Speedway legend. I would finish fifth in the race—and would never race there again.

—SAM POSEY

# AN OUTSIDER



# LOOKS IN

**A casual fan makes his first trip to the Indianapolis 500 with his 23-year-old son, who eventually may drive there, and each comes away with a new perspective on the race**

*by JOHN COLE*




ILLUSTRATION BY WALT SPITZMILLER

I heard my first broadcast of the Indianapolis 500 more than 20 years ago, and I've scarcely missed one since—except for the Memorial Day I dropped a portable radio overboard in the excitement of hooking one of the first striped bass of the season. That was typical of the way I followed the race: always building it into the holiday schedule, but never sacrificing the weekend to make the journey from New England to the Midwest.

My son Marshall changed that, and forever changed my perceptions of the event. When he was five, Marshall sat beside me on the front seat of the rented Peugeot I was driving from France to Italy and pretended he was driving a road race through the Alps. He pestered me with questions I could not answer about the workings of the car; he scrutinized the speedometer and the tachometer as if their numbers involved our destinies.

In a way, they did. What I had assumed to be a childish preoccupation became the consuming interest of Marshall's adolescent years and the overwhelming avocation of his young manhood. He became a mechanic, a motorcycle racer and—by the time we traveled to Indy together—a 23-year-old man whose daily dreams put him behind the wheel of a race car.

Our going was typical of the sweetness and stress of our relationship as father and son, spectator and driver. I have watched Marshall compete in scores of motorcycle races. I have trembled every time, holding the fence to ease my shaking. I have asked him to stop riding in these races, but I have also sought out friends who might help further his career, co-signed loans for new equipment, spent the last hours of Christmas Eve in a harried search for a particular set of socket wrenches.

I would rather have gone fishing for the spring's first striped bass in the Maine cove near our home than drive 2,400 miles to Indy and back with Marshall. I would rather have spent the travel time persuading him to return to college, but I rode nearly every mile talking about auto racing, feeling my own excitement build as we got nearer the Speedway and began to hear reports of prerace activity on the radio.

Driving from the East, the Indy talk gets stronger the farther you are from the Atlantic. When we reached western Pennsylvania the sports chatter on the radio had changed from reports on the Celtics and the Yankees to news of Tom Sneva and a rundown of Ohio golf tournaments. We drove past the scars of spent strip mines (one, ironically, littered with the corpses of 5,000 junk cars), past a group of dark-suited, dark-bearded Amish men fishing in a roadside lake, their horse-drawn buggies in the shade a few feet from Interstate 80 and hurtling transcontinental trucks. When

*continued*

we reached Ohio the land flattened and stayed flat until we toured the center of Indianapolis, 1,200 miles from home and light-years away from images of Maine.

First the Midwesterners farmed, I mused to myself and Marshall, then factories were built and then, as the rivers of dollars and jobs flowed in from the rest of the states, the Midwesterners had the time and money for play, but few playgrounds to play on.

So they built golf courses and race tracks. They built them by the hundreds, as befits their industrial triumph and heritage. With all that flat land, building golf courses was no trick, and with all the farms deserted by sons who left the furrows for production lines, finding the acreage was easy. Golf, with its leisurely pace and abundant opportunity for talk, is the perfect game for business, and nearly every club player was, and is, on a management team for National Cash Register, General Motors, General Foods or Firestone.

And while management played golf, the increasingly affluent workers drove cars or watched others drive. If one brand of industrial recreation had been discovered in the boardrooms of the fairways, another was found in the dirt tracks at the edges of every Midwestern town where the workers who built machines could watch the products of their labor subjected to abuse, tuned beyond perfection and consumed in the fiery furnaces of collisions.

In the heart of this flatland is Indianapolis, where America's auto industry first thrived, and its Speedway, originally conceived as a test track as well as a racing circuit, is the gargantuan superlative, the ultimate enlargement of every dirt track, sprint track, stock-car speedway and asphalt oval from the Angell Park Speedway for midget racers at Sun Prairie, Wis. to the stock-car circuit at I-70 Speedway in Odessa, Mo.

Created, promoted and managed by the industrial executives and tycoons who play golf (they put a 27-hole course on the Indy grounds), the Indianapolis Motor Speedway needed the endless perspective that thousands of square miles of flat land can give; it needed the demands for violent and motorized recreation that millions of leisured and well-paid production-line workers can sustain; it needed the momentous wealth that the industrial empires of Michigan, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana could bring to it; and, of course, it needed that most American of machines: the high-speed automobile driven to the edge of danger that the 500 inevitably demands. Which is why you cannot comprehend the scale of the place or the event unless you make the trip.

Surely the relationship between the city and the Speedway is one of the more outlandish of our time. Billed as the nation's 11th-largest city by its unabashed publicists, Indianapolis is thoroughly dominated by the 2½ miles of asphalt track in its northwest corner. Except for the well-tended, $100,000 executive homes that line Kessler Boulevard, much of the rest of the city looks as if it lives willingly with neglect in order to sustain the Speedway's appetites.

The black-and-white checkered flag that is waved to signal the winning of an auto race has become the city's symbol, its urban banner and, in its opposing colors and alternating squares, a metaphor for the dichotomies that quickly become obvious to even the most casual visitor to this place that is at once surreal and eminently ordinary.

Surely when Carl Fisher and his three associates built the track in 1909, the city fathers of Indianapolis could not have imagined that the Speedway's presence would quite dominate their city and become its primary identification. Perhaps the transformation began when Eddie Rickenbacker became the track's second owner in 1927; or was it when Terre Haute industrialist Tony Hulman took over in 1945 and began a program of refurbishing the track that is still under way. It may be difficult to pick the precise moment when the child of the automobile age became the city's parent, but the absolute dominance is evident to even first-time visitors like Marshall and myself.

Indianapolis bills itself as "The Home of the 500," even though the Speedway is, in fact, located in the suburb of Speedway, Ind. (incorporated 1926, pop. 14,600). Strings of plastic checkered flags rattle over every gas station; there is a chain of "500" liquor stores, with checkered flags on every sign. The Red Garter Lounge, the Queen Bee massage parlor and the 38th Street Bar ("Featuring Miss Nude America") decorate their vigorous advertising with checkered flags in a spirit of chauvinism as sincere as that of the Rev. James Bonke, who dons a black-and-white checkered vestment to say early Mass for the racing crews at the track's garage compound—known around the world as Gasoline Alley.

On race weekend checkered flags flapped from every Meridian Street lamppost to mark the route of the prerace parade, and at Monument Circle—the heart of downtown Indianapolis. The marching began before the official reviewing stands on Pennsylvania between Ohio and New York Streets, where the asphalt of the city was carpeted over in a series of black-and-white squares that seemed to stretch for blocks.

Complete with one 500 Queen, Rebecca Ann Tippy, and 32 princesses (echoing the 33 cars in the race), the mayor, Bob Hope, Claude Akins, Martin Milner, Art Linkletter, Martin Hoffman (Secretary of the Army) and a blind singer named Tom Sullivan, who sent off the parade with the national anthem, last year's march took four hours to travel the checkered-flag route and more than 400,000 folks got a chance to see Hope, the queen and prize-winning floats like those entered by Steak n Shake and Kentucky Fried Chicken.

If you follow Meridian north to 16th Street and then head west on 16th until it intersects with Georgetown Road you'll find yourself at the main-gate corner of the Motor Speedway. On the way you will have passed more checkered flags, the modest homes of working families (black and white) and, as you near the track, a series of carnival stalls selling tacos, model racing cars and—that most popular item—the checkered flag, overprinted with the Speedway emblem: a winged tire topped with, again, a checkered flag.

The rear of the main grandstand towers over the east side of Georgetown Road. On the west side, in the dark shadow of the grandstand's gray back wall but emphatically separated from the track's grounds by a chain-link fence, is the open meadow known in town as "Coca-Cola Field," in deference to the bottling plant at its far end.

There were at least 5,000 trailers and tents in Coca-Cola Field when Marshall and I arrived a few days before the race. It was raining that morning, it rained for much of the rest of the day, but the field

*continued*








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continued to fill. When we returned on a sunny Saturday afternoon less than 24 hours before the race, it seemed to me that the people and the tents and trailers could not be counted. Both of us were awed and shaken by the scale of the gathering, by the blustery tone of this recurrent Woodstock and by the threat of random violence that any monumental and unregimented crowd brings with it.

As we moved slowly, trying to reach a track entrance, an ambulance turned out of the field and came toward us, traveling at top speed. When it passed us, red lights whirling, siren shrieking, the draft of its rushing bulk pulled hundreds of flattened beer cans from the pavement; they swirled like autumn leaves in the ambulance's wake, clattering and bouncing back to the asphalt and off the sides of our car as the ambulance headed for the emergency room to try to save two fans who had begun a knife fight while they waited for race day.

On the other side of the grandstand the white-coveralled auto surgeons at work in Indy's garages inside the track could hardly have heard the ambulance. If they could, their concentration and singleness of purpose would not permit them to pay it any heed. If there was chaos and boredom and sparking violence in the dark shadows outside the track, here in the pristine whiteness of these innermost rooms all was concentration, tension and discipline. And there were no plastic checkered flags.

In Gasoline Alley, Marshall and I found what we had come to see at Indianapolis. There was the patina of glamour, the recognition of heroes, a closeness to the machines and the crews at work on those machines that restored every illusion of the glory of motor racing and the technological excellence that makes it possible.

"Paul Newman, you have a phone call at garage 27. . . . Paul Newman, you have a phone call at garage 27. . . . A. J. Foyt, please report to your garage. . . . A. J. Foyt, please report to your garage. . . ." No Midwestern monotone scratching through the Gasoline Alley public-address system could dull the gloss on the litany of celebrated names that poured from the loudspeakers. And here came A. J. himself, riding a kid's Sting Ray bike with its fat tires painted bright orange.

We walked by every row of garages, around and around and over and over again, clinging to this repetition because beyond these low-roofed wooden sheds, beyond the wire fences and beyond the ordered disciplines at work there was the casual and boundless disorder of the overcrowded city we had left outside.

As Marshall patiently explained the turbocharger, the pop-off valve, the Offenhauser and the Cosworth, as we found Andretti, Rutherford, Simon, Sneva and Walther, we also discovered the great distance that detachment can create. It was there, in every garage, this determined and relentless distance that the drivers and crews interpose between themselves and the spectators. There was an absolute effort under way to avoid eye contact with the hundreds of onlookers like Marshall and me, onlookers who stood at the very edge of the garage entrances, probing with their eyes and their urgency for some small signal of welcome into the closed world of racing.

No signals ever came. Everyone in the garages had mastered the averted eye, the blank stare, the concentration shield. Not even the young mechanics ("See," said Marshall, "those guys are my age") drew back the curtain. It was clear that the need for such defenses was well and universally understood. One acknowledgment, one gesture, one move toward even a portion of the crowd could start a stampede. The onlookers would swarm into the garages, a bit of tape, a sparkplug would be grabbed. A wheel would go, then an entire car would be demolished and, finally, the drivers would be stripped and torn apart.

So the wall was maintained. The racers fought to stay in their world, and they won. The sense of exclusion in an atmosphere and setting as intimate as the garages was yet another Indy experience for which there can be no adequate preparation.

We don't need Bob Hope, 33 race queens, Martin Milner or 350,000 beer drinkers to make the race real, the drivers and their crews seemed to be saying. We need only to be left alone, to be given the metaphysical and physical space to prepare the men and the machines to run the race.

Marshall and I clung to the reality of the auto surgeons at work until the last garage door had shut and the long May dusk had darkened. The short night before race day was filled with the stress of our anticipation and the constant manic warbling of police sirens coming from every direction. At dawn we walked most of the seven miles to the track, past congealed rivers of traffic stalled dead on highways clogged with immobile motorists on their way to see their racing counterparts drive at 200 mph.

The crowd. Yes, those 350,000. The phenomenon that guarantees Indy its unimpeachable superlative: the largest crowd to watch any sports event in the world. The race-day crowd is a Niagara, tumbling, falling, swirling, curling in eddies, coagulating in pools, stagnant in the backwaters of its own litter and frightening in the incredible proportions of its collective energies should it ever be massed and directed. But there is no massing, no focus, only the constant rumble of the torrent of hundreds of thousands of voices held in place by the stands and the fences that surround the Indy oval. Crossing the infield, moving through the stands, edging closer to the pits, straining for a good look at the start of the race, Marshall and I rode the Niagara crowd in the barrels of our own determination, tossed here, pushed there, but arriving, eventually, where we wanted to be.

The crowd is its own justification, its own recreation. These are the hundreds of thousands of Midwesterners who have found this place to play, this pastime, this surcease from the flat land and horizonless production lines. Merely being present here is event enough. Is not a single drop of water proud to become part of Niagara?

It must be so, because only a few hundred of the hundreds of thousands at Indy can see the race in any intelligible context. The rest must be content with a piece of it, must be convinced of the thumping realities of Indy speeds by watching the cars blur through a field of vision no longer than half a city block. Without the piped voice of the track announcer, most Indy spectators could no more decipher the competition than a person could comprehend his circulatory system by studying the veins on the back of one hand.

But the crowd can understand ceremony and knows ballyhoo. So, while the 33 spring-steel machines are lined in 11 rows and wound tighter and tighter for

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MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous men's fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars

# What's the secret of style?

Be a *star maker*. It works no matter how you like to dress. Casually or classically.

It even works with a cigar. Not just any cigar, mind you, but a Capitán. Because we designed Capitán to flatter your face while it flatters your taste.



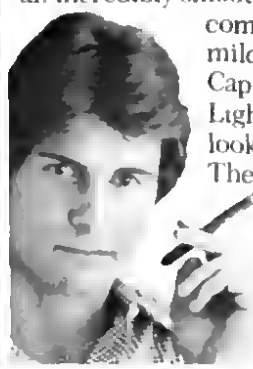


The *star* technique: choose just *one* article of clothing to *star*. Like a shirt. Make it wild, but make the rest solid color.

Everyone will say, "Great shirt." Next day make a tie the *star*. Do it with jeans. Knock-out sports shirt. Anything. One star. Everything else supporting cast. You get the idea. Now you know why I designed five slim, trim shapes for Capitán. Because you should smoke a cigar; a cigar shouldn't smoke you. The Capitán pack was specially selected, too. It's a special maroon that blends well with men's clothes.

We know a Capitán should star where it's important. In the quality of its tobaccos and craftsmanship.

For instance, our Capitán experts use one of the world's premier wrapper tobaccos—dark, satiny African Cameroon. Besides handsome looks, Cameroon offers an incredibly smooth taste that complements the mild, imported Capitán filler blend. Light up a good-looking Capitán. The aroma will tell you you've discovered a star.



Capitán. A great cigar that looks it.




No. 7 actual size



the start of the 500, while the drivers examine and touch every part of their flameproof cocoons, tighten laces and keep their eyes averted from every one of the 350,000 human beings except the half dozen on their racing crews, while the race itself is on the brink of detonating its once-a-year explosion. Bob Hope returns with the queen and her court and a parade of celebrities who tour the track in a procession of gaudy and identical *Buick pace cars with sun roofs* open so Hope and Phyllis Diller and the princesses can wave.

In the barrels of our determination, wearing the press badges that free us from the crowd, Marshall and I, incredibly, have arrived on the track itself. Lost in the Niagara roar, we are left to walk the 11 rows of three cars each, the engines screaming in our ears, the drivers close enough to touch. The ground shakes under our feet; we tremble with tension, we witness a further grotesquerie as one of the sun-roofed Buicks hits the left rear wheel of race car No. 17—Dick Simon's Bryant Heating and Cooling Special—and jolts it askew from its precisely aligned starting position.

Simon, who had beaten a rain shower at the closing of qualifying by five minutes to make the race and his strong position in the sixth row, can not comprehend the mishap. The Buick keeps going. Simon shakes his head, his crew gathers at the wheel, checking for any sign of fractures that could break under the stress of the speeds now just minutes away.

The decision is as agonizing as it is immediate. Even the car's owner, Rolla Vollstedt, is unaware of this last-minute calamity. After a full year of working to be where they are, should Simon and his crew withdraw now because their machine has been hit by a parade car? The decision is to stay. Almost as soon as it is made, Simon, a former insurance-company executive, slides into No. 17's cockpit; only the top of his helmet and the dark strip of his tinted eye shield are visible. He has become part of the car.

The balloons are released, Gomer Pyle/Jim Nabors sings *Back Home Again in Indiana*, the aerial bombs crack, the pace car moves, the green flag is waved and the race begins.

The speed is incredible. There is no possible preparation for it; it is not trans-

*continued*

# It's time for an AM/FM stereo with five useful displays.




## Meet the Delco Digital Stereo.




The thing you'll notice first is the ***time of day*** displayed in brightly lit digital numbers.

Change radio stations and the ***AM or FM frequencies*** are displayed.

Press another button to call up the ***month and day***—or even the ***elapsed time*** of a trip.

The Delco Digital Stereo takes advantage of modern electronic advancements to add useful new functions to the automotive entertainment system. It's available for selected 1977 Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile and Pontiac models.

See and hear it for yourself. Ask your GM dealer for a showroom demonstration.

The Delco Digital Stereo—a sound idea whose time has come.

**Delco Electronics**

Division of General Motors
Kokomo, Indiana

**Stay with GM quality. Tell your dealer "Delco."**

mittable. At Indy, the cars and drivers move so fast in comparison to what most of us know as speed that we are certain only of the relative difference, not the degree of that difference. We know we have never seen four-wheeled machines moving this fast, anywhere; and we know that the speeds take every car and driver to the brink of control. The capacity for instant disaster is omnipresent.

But as the cars hurtle, the crowd becomes somnolent. Foyt slides, it is on a turn; perhaps 5,000, perhaps 500 of the 350,000 are aware of it. Simon pulls in on the second lap with a blown engine. Roger McCluskey hits the third-turn wall on lap eight. Johnny Rutherford's car flips up a spring from McCluskey's debris; it strikes Tom Sneva's helmet at a combined velocity of 250 mph. Sneva is stunned, maintains control, suffers cuts on the inside of his mouth from the impact. Not one of the 350,000 spectators is aware of the near disaster. They will not know of it until a delayed television broadcast with its advantage of slow-motion replays, can show them the moment, the nearness of the disaster.

The laps turn regularly now. The Niagara slumbers. The rain arrives, the race is stopped. The rain stops, and an army of trucks and pace cars and a grotesque turbine vehicle that looks something like an enormous flue pipe from an old-fashioned stove circles the track trying to dry it. The race is about to be resumed when the clouds burst, the track announcer tells us Johnny Rutherford has won. We have seen no checkered flag at this race.

The Speedway floods in the downpour, rivers of litter flow as the Niagara ebbs, leaving as its residue a few drunks lolling in the sodden stands or lying in the infield mud. The drivers and crews push the cars back to the garages where Marshall and I come once again to look. One of A.J.'s crew members sits dejectedly on one of No. 14's tires, his car permanently relegated to second place in the record books, he does not move, does not see. Finally, we leave, sloshing through ankle-deep water, trying to measure the Indy experience.

"It seems like so much work for just one day, just a few hours," says Marshall. Then, looking at the stands and the drainage ditches clogged with beer cans, he adds, "It makes you wonder if it's worth it."

"Perhaps the 500 has outlived itself," I say later as we drive through a downpour on our way out of the drenched city, headed for home. "Perhaps someone should design a new track, just for television, put cameras in the front of the cars, allow just a few spectators and put on a real race, without all this ballyhoo, all these crowds. Then millions could see the race, but they wouldn't have to make the trip."

"But it wouldn't be Indy," says Marshall as we pull past a Meridian Street lamppost and the last checkered flag we see that day. **END**



# HOW DO YOU STEP INTO YOUR BACKHAND SO NICELY, CHRIS?





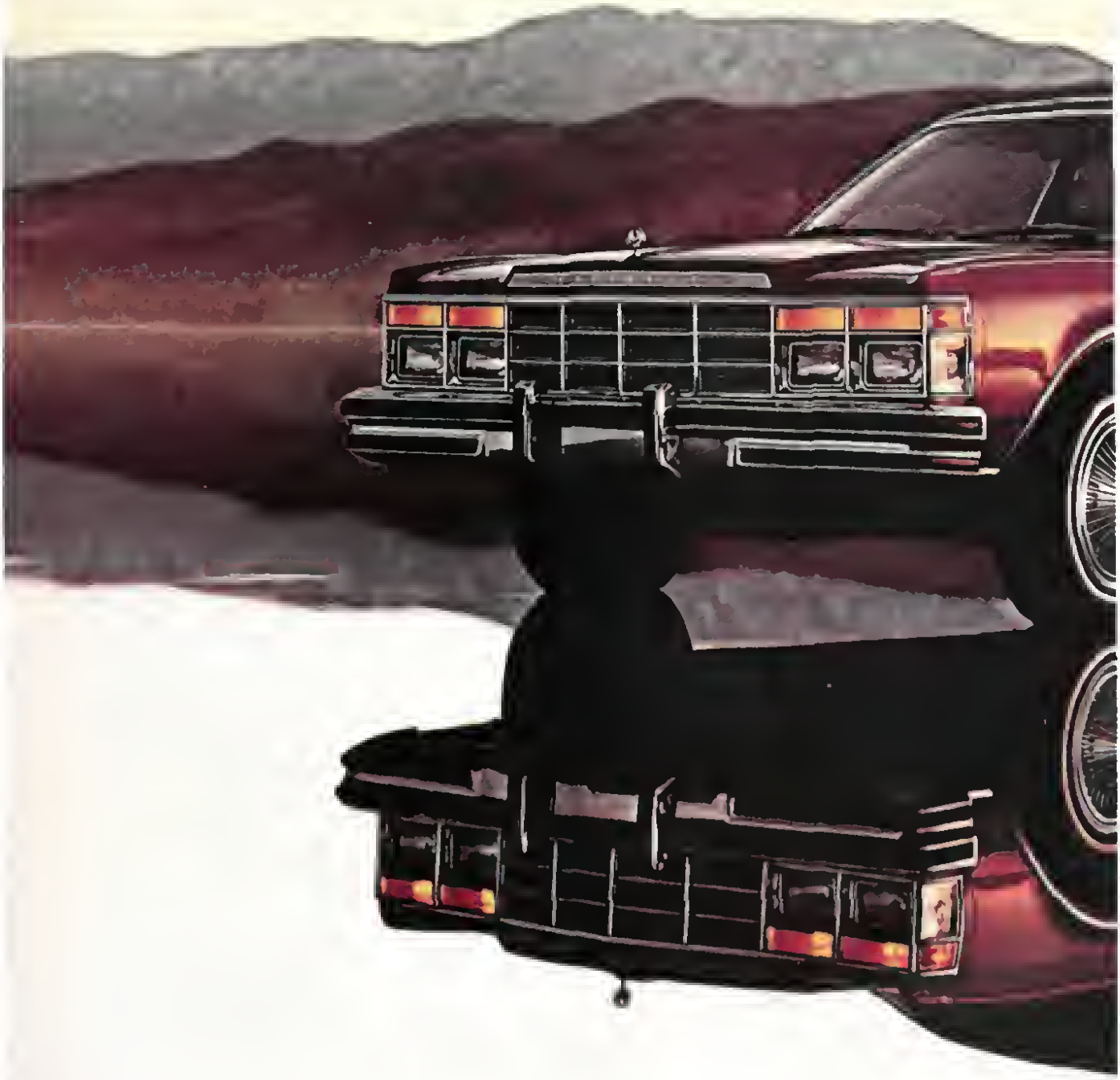
Chris Evert steps in Chris Evert™ shoes by Converse,® the shoes of the stars. Chris wanted new comfort, new style, and exceptional stress support for the toughest tennis competition in the world. She got what she wanted. Stars and stripes and everything nice.

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| Two-Door LeBaron Medallion | |
|---|---|
| Base Sticker Price | $5,436 |
| 318 cu. in. V-8 | Std |
| Power Steering | Std |
| Power Front Disc Brakes | Std. |
| Automatic Transmission | Std. |
| Landau Vinyl Roof | $132 |
| Wire Wheel Covers | $35 |
| Whitewall Tires | $43 |
| Bumper Guards, Front | $21 |
| TOTAL | $5,667* |

*Sticker price, including options as shown. Taxes and destination charges extra

Never before has one automobile combined such desirable features with such an attractive price. This unique combination makes Chrysler LeBaron the beginning of a totally new class of automobiles.

The two-door LeBaron shown above has the performance of a road car, powered by Chrysler's computer-controlled Lean Burn Engine. LeBaron is a lighter, leaner Chrysler. A personal car. The two-door LeBaron has such personal features as overhead lighting individually directed for driver and passenger. A complete list of options, including genuine leather seating on Medallion models, rivals that of any luxury car.

The standard LeBaron features listed on the left will show you how much car it really is. The total at the bottom will show you how little it's priced. The Chrysler LeBaron two-door and four-door are now offered for sale or lease at your Chrysler dealer.

CHRYSLER LE BARON. THE BEGINNING OF A TOTALLY NEW CLASS OF AUTOMOBILES

Michael Landon, writer, director, star

# I WANTED TWO CAMERAS IN ONE POCKET.

When I'm behind my own camera, I like to shoot things my way. So I got a Kodak Tele-Instamatic™ 608 camera.

It takes big, colorful pictures two ways, telephoto and normal. Actual picture size is 3½"x 4½"

There are two *f*/11 Lumenized lenses inside. Just flick a switch to change from normal to telephoto. It couldn't be simpler. A built-in lens cover protects the lenses when the camera's in my pocket.

Then there are several ingenious things to make sure I don't goof, double-exposure prevention, centering marks in the viewfinder, and fixed focus. And it looks good. Especially with your own personal monogram on the back.

## less than $39.

Outfits with Kodak [illegible] flipflash [illegible] more



**Kodak Tele-Instamatic™ 608 camera.**



## Make the most of the times of your life

Great pict[illegible] the time. All they need is taking.





A normal shot of my son, Mike, Jr.



Telephoto gives you a closer look.



This is my daughter, Leslie, and my loudest son, Chris.

# own your own Kodak camera

Tele-Instamatic 608

Price is subject to change [illegible]

**BASEBALL** / *Peter Gammons*

# *Old uniforms, new Sox*

*Chicago is so short of cash that some players are wearing patched-up pants, but there may be profits ahead with new assets like Rightfielder Richie Zisk on hand*



*Zisk's 10 homers and 26 RBIs lead the league*

The White Sox' first month of play came to a glorious end in the eighth inning last Saturday with one short stroke of a borrowed bat Chicago's Richie Zisk, a man without a contract, sent a pitch from the Indians' millionaire, Wayne Garland, over the center-field fence in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, sewing up a 5–2 Sox victory. As the ball sailed out of the park Garland hung his head amid a cantata of boos His record was now 0–4, and his team was at the bottom of the American League East. Meanwhile, Zisk danced around the bases, all those boos sounding like sweet music to him and the rest of the low-paid, high-flying White Sox Zisk had added to his league-leading home-run and RBI totals, and his team remained a hair's breadth out of first place in the Western Division "What we are," said Chicago pitcher and restaurateur Steve Stone, "is one gargantuan *Rocky*."

Sure, there were people who thought the White Sox had a chance at finishing first. Finishing first in baseball's race to bankruptcy court In December 1975 the American League tried to move the Sox to Seattle, only to have the combined efforts of the late Mayor Richard Daley and owner Bill Veeck save the club for Chicago But by this spring there were rumblings that Veeck's salvage job might be short-lived. The Sox were dangerously undercapitalized and didn't have enough talent on their roster to attract many paying customers.

Chicago had the worst record in the league last season (64–97), and began 1977 with the poorest spring-training performance (11–20) in the majors. The players who were still around from 1976 had to put on the same uniforms they wore last year, many of them inelegantly patched. Before the season opened, Shortstop Bucky Dent and his hefty salary were unloaded to the New York Yankees for $200,000 and three bodies, and Reliever Clay Carroll was dumped because of his $100,000-a-year contract.

And while mediocre teams such as Cleveland and California had attempted to improve their prospects in the standings and at the gate by spending millions on free agents, all the White Sox could afford in the re-entry draft were four players whose combined salaries add up to less than what the Indians are paying Garland Stone had been 3–6 with a sore arm for the Cubs; Third Baseman Eric Soderholm, a former Twin, had not played since falling into a 12-foot hole in August 1975, and Shortstop Tim Nordbrook and Outfielder Royle Stillman could pool their major league stats and still only come up with one extra base hit.

But all this did not bother Chicago's indefatigable General Manager Roland Hemond, Manager Bob Lemon or Zisk. "I worked for the Braves when they drew only 296,000 in Boston in '52, and I was in on the first franchise shift to Milwaukee and the first expansion in California, so nothing fazes me," says Hemond, who has had to scout possible acquisitions by their salaries, not their baseball credentials.

Lemon does not worry about unsigned players—"If they leave we'll rent some more next year," he says—and has directed the Sox as if they were a real major league club. "Last year was a joke," says Shortstop Alan Bannister of the managing of 68-year-old Paul Richards. "He'd post the lineups 10 minutes before the game, and only then we'd find out who was playing and where. Lemon's made it a serious operation."

Chicago's inability to sign high-priced players—or to retain those it had—may have turned out to be an advantage. "Unlike the guys who the fans know got a lot of money, we're loose," says Stone. "More important, nearly everyone on this team has something to prove to someone."

After having averaged .299 and 17 homers in four seasons in Pittsburgh, Zisk felt he had proved a lot. It was just that nobody seemed to notice, because a Willie Stargell or a Dave Parker or the legend of Roberto Clemente always seemed to have the spotlight. "I asked to be traded from the Pirates because I felt like I was being buried alive," says Zisk. "I was the Joe Rudi of the National League, except that Rudi at least got into the World Series for exposure. In Chicago, it's been great. Even if I don't end up signing—and I hope I will—it's an opportunity to make a name for myself in a major city. And being Polish doesn't hurt. There's a tremendous Polish population in Chicago. I'm all for promoting the team and myself. I'm all for going along with Veeck, and I hope he goes along with me on a couple of my ideas." A typical Zisk brainstorm: one night at Comiskey Park he would like to play his accordion while teammate Lamar Johnson sings the national anthem.

Zisk's most important promotional instrument is his bat. Actually, the bats themselves are not his—because of a mixup over his order to the manufacturer, he had to borrow a few bats from Manny Sanguillen of the A's At the

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end of last week Zisk was hitting .312, with 10 homers and 26 RBIs. "I like to think this is the kind of hitter I am," he says, "but I won't end up leading the league in homers." Eighteen of the Sox' first 26 games were on the road, where Zisk's statistics read .367, nine homers and 22 RBIs. At home, where it is 445 feet to dead center, they read .167, one and four. "When I was traded I was told they'd move in the fences," he says. "Then the day before the season began, Lemon told me they couldn't because of our pitching. I've already hit four balls that would've been homers almost anywhere else but were just outs here in Chicago."

Despite his poor hitting in Comiskey Park, Zisk has given the Sox exactly what they hoped for when they sent two first-rate relievers, Rich Gossage and Terry Forster, to Pittsburgh for him. The White Sox have not only been bad—one season over .500 since 1967—but they have also been vapid ever since Dick Allen departed in 1974. Zisk figures to make the Sox considerably more entertaining by putting muscle in the middle of a lineup that was so weak last season that team home-run co-leader (with the paltry total of 14) Jim Spencer topped the league in intentional walks. There was no one behind him—or ahead of him, for that matter—whom opposing pitchers feared. "Maybe you can't win the pennant," says Hemond, "but you can provide some fun." In other words, more fans might be more willing to pay to see the Sox if they were losing 10–9 instead of 3–1.

And they should be even happier to come to watch the Sox if the club keeps winning by scores like 10–9. Which is just what they have been doing with a lineup that leads the league in homers (33) and runs (5.5 a game). Zisk and four other regulars are batting over .300. Surprisingly, some of the Chicago holdovers are among the most productive hitters. In the first and third batting slots, Left-fielder Ralph Garr and Second Baseman Jorge Orta have been on base an average of 2.69 times a game. Second-year Centerfielder Chet Lemon has had a streak of 18 RBIs in 11 games. Even Catcher Jim Essian, a .237 batter until this season, has zoomed up to .292. But it has been the newcomers, Zisk and Soderholm and a man at a new position, Bannister, who have added most of the spark to the Sox.

"The Twins figured I'd never play again," says Soderholm, who after a year's layoff is batting .322 with five homers. Bannister was billed as a star shortstop when he came out of Arizona State in 1973, but the Phillies, who drafted him No. 1, already had an All-Star at that position in Larry Bowa. So Bannister was tried at five positions, then traded to Chicago after the 1975 season and shuttled around again. When the Sox decided that the unsigned Dent had to be traded late in spring training, Bannister became a regular at short for the first time since college. "It's like I'm relearning the position I grew up playing," he says, but the process has gone well. Bannister has added speed to the second spot in the order, has batted around .330 and has left no one asking for Dent. "The only difference between Al and Bucky defensively," says one pitcher who is critical of Dent's reluctance to dive for grounders, "is that Bannister's uniform has to be sent to the cleaners."

Oh, the Sox still have problems. The pitching, which was the league's worst last season, remains shaky. Ken Brett, the staff's best in '76, is recovering from arm troubles, and the Sox' erstwhile ace, knuckleballer Wilbur Wood, is just getting started after missing almost an entire year because of a knee injury. So far, Stone (1–3) has been Chicago's most effective starter—and the only one not to get heavy batting support.

But a few pitching problems are minor compared to the troubles the White Sox were expected to have. "I don't know what would have happened if we hadn't gotten off to a good start," says Hemond. "But we did, and we're already up 100,000 in attendance. We're going to be all right." Hemond may still have to trade a couple of the unsigned players, but for a month it has been fun. "Who'd have ever thought we'd be able to look at the standings and find ourselves 5½ games in front of the Angels?" asks Hemond.

While the Angels, who spent a bundle on free agents, were in sixth place last week, the only team ahead of Chicago in the Western Division was Minnesota, which resolutely refused to sign even a Tim Nordbrook. All of which would tend to lend credence to the sign Brett has had hanging in his apartment since the days when he was billed as a phenom in Boston. It reads: THE WORST CURSE IN LIFE IS UNLIMITED POTENTIAL. That's a problem the Sox certainly do not have to worry about

## THE WEEK

*(May 1-7)*

**by JIM KAPLAN**

**NL EAST** The White Sox weren't the only surprise in Chicago. Led by Manny Trillo's three homers, the Cubs (5–1) racked up 43 runs. Their pitching was not bad either. Ray Burris shut out the Astros 9–0 on five hits, and Bruce Sutter's 3⅓-inning relief stint preserving a 4–1 victory over Cincinnati earned the following accolade from Johnny Bench: "He's got only one pitch, the forkball, but that's still one too many, because no one can hit it." Unfortunately, Bill Buckner couldn't hit any pitch—or field or run—after tendinitis in the left ankle sidelined him again. There was more bad news when Burris was hit by a pitch on a finger of his throwing hand. Still, the Cubs moved from fifth to third and edged above the .500 mark.

Montreal (4–2) was no less surprising. The Expos even stopped an eight-game Dodger winning streak, beating them 6–2 on two homers by Gary Carter and one by Del Unser. Despite hitting two homers and driving in six runs during the week, Unser wasn't sure he had earned a starting job in the outfield. With Berra-like wit and wisdom, he maintained, "All you've got to do is prove you can do what you can do." Further proof the Expos can at least hit for real came from Ellis Valentine (9 for 24) and Warren Cromartie (7 for 20 with four doubles).

Though they have stolen 50 bases (compared to four at this time last year), Pittsburgh (6–0) looked like the Lumber Company of yore. Willie Stargell twice had two homers in one game, and Dave Parker had a pair in another as Pittsburgh moved into first place, smacking Houston 4–3, Atlanta 11–1, 8–7 and 8–0 and Cincinnati 6–3 and 12–10. Parker, with eight RBIs and a .481 average for the week, was the most unabashed basher, and his spirit was catching. Reliever Grant Jackson drove in what proved to be the winning runs with a two-run double in the 12–10 defeat of the Reds.

St. Louis had a 3–2 week as its pitchers allowed just seven earned runs. Unfortunately, one of them, 5–0 ace John Denny, pulled a hamstring and will miss a couple of turns. The Cardinals were lucky no one else was hurt in a 20-minute free-for-all with Houston. The brawl started in the ninth inning of a 4–1 win when, predictably, the Astros' Cesar Cedeno charged Al Hrabosky, who had just hit him with a pitch. Predictably, Hrabosky denied any evil intent and, predictably, no one believed him. A more pleasant note was struck by rookie Tony Scott, who homered before his mother and 15 other relatives to help beat the Reds 8–1.

*continued*

# THE RACKET THAT QUIETLY SHOOK UP THE TENNIS WORLD.

## THE ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION RACKET.



*When I walked onto the court in 1969 with my new racket, some players felt it was too radical. I knew it felt just right.*

Arthur Ashe, Jr.

Nobody can tell you which racket is right for you. You have to feel it on the court.

Head® Tennis successfully blended the power of metal with the feel of wood when they built the Ashe Competition racket. And the Comp's revolutionary open throat design proved it could give you less twisting and more control on off center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

Research brought us improved materials and the popularity of tennis brought us improved players. So we built the Ashe Competition 2. Its boron shims make the Comp 2 even stiffer and more powerful than the original Comp.

YOU'LL FEEL IT IN YOUR RACKET HAND

The Ashe Comp racket I use is perfect for me. And if you're a better player, chances are one will feel terrific in your hand, too.

But there's more to the Head line than the Competition series. I really believe there's a Head racket that's right for just about every tennis player.



THE HEAD PROFESSIONAL

The Pro is designed for a person who likes to play fast and hard. Its elliptical head shape elongates the sweet spot. And because the aluminum is extruded in a hexagon, the Pro is firm and strong and powerful.



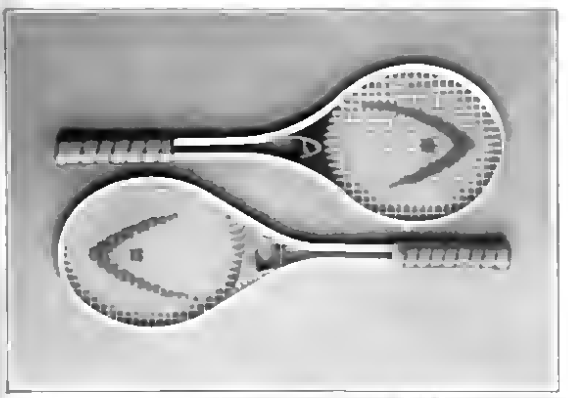

[illegible] helps prevent [illegible] into you keep the ball in play.

THE HEAD MASTER

Head planned the Master for the intermediate player. Its round head shape and [illegible] sweet spot make it more forgiving than traditional rackets. So the Master has just the right blend of power and control for intermediates to advance their games.

THINK OF YOURSELF

Before you buy a racket consider your strengths and weaknesses, how you play now and how you'd like to be playing. Then pick up a Head demo at your pro shop and play with it. If a racket feels right it more than likely is right. And I know you'll find a Head racket that feels that way I did.



**WE PLANNED IT THAT WAY.**

AMF Head

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It wasn't so bad that the Mets (2–5) dropped four straight to Los Angeles. That's happening a lot to teams this year. But it was bad that two of the Mets' biggest names were name-calling. After Dave Kingman took himself out of the lineup with bruised ribs, Pitcher Jon Matlack said, "If he doesn't want to play, the hell with him." When Board Chairman M. Donald Grant supposedly sent a "must-win" edict to Manager Joe Frazier about the Mayor's Trophy exhibition game with the Yankees, Tom Seaver let loose. "The man [Grant] is a maniac," he said. "The man is image-conscious, that's all. Here we are in the worst slump of the season, and all he's worrying about is an exhibition. I never wanted to leave this organization. Never. But the time is now." Seaver later apologized, telling a news conference he was not misquoted but adding, "There was a time difference between the time I thought Grant said what he said and the time he actually said it."

Winning on alternate days, the Phillies had only a 4–3 week, but were bragging like champions. Though Ollie Brown scored the winning run in a 10-inning, 4–3 win over the Padres, his biggest thrill was throwing out Jerry Turner at third base in the ninth. "That cat was just passing second base when I picked up the ball," said Brown, "and I told myself, 'I'm going to nail him.'" Pitcher Gene Garber noticed that the ball had a cut on it after the throw. "My eyes lit up," he said. "Gene Richards was the next hitter, and with that cut on it, I struck him out with three of the greatest sinkers you'll ever see." Finally, there was Tim McCarver, who smashed a triple and two doubles in the same game. His proudest moment: a pop foul he hit that advanced two runners in a 9–3 loss. "You've got to admit, it's tough creating excitement on a pop foul," he boasted. "It's just another dimension of my talent."

**PITT 16–7 ST. L 15–8 CHI 12–10**
**MONT 12–10 PHIL 11–12 NY 10–14**

## NL WEST

While the sizzling Dodgers (*page 24*) were 5–2, every other team in the division had a losing week and stayed below .500. Most pathetic were the Braves, who dropped five and extended their losing streak to 13. The script differed from game to game, but the result was always the same. Dick Ruthven lost his third, in the process tearing ligaments, which may knock him out for the season. Buzz Capra had his first start and his first loss, and winless Phil Niekro lost his fifth and sixth. "We're not going to jump off the highest building," Director of Player Personnel Bill Lucas said. Added Manager Dave Bristol, "It's the worst thing that could happen to Atlanta, Georgia." The Braves gave up 120 runs in the 13 losses.

Cincinnati lost four of five as its homerless streak reached seven games. "We're giving 'em a 7½-game lead," Manager Sparky Anderson said about the Dodgers at midweek. "That's just about right. They come back to us every year." By week's end, the lead was 11. Another would-be contender, San Diego, showed some improvement, if playing 3–4 ball can be called that. Randy Jones' pitching could be. He beat the Phils 4–1 in 1:29, getting 19 of his 27 outs on grounders in the Padres' first complete game of the year. Mike Ivie's behavior drew less favorable reviews. First Ivie said he thought he was ready for superstardom, "if the good Lord's willing and the creek don't rise." Then Ivie refused to play third base because "playing third affects my hitting." He was fined $400 and suspended for a day. Meanwhile, Dave Winfield was keeping San Diego in games all by himself, getting two homers and 10 RBIs in seven games.

Houston (2–4) got a win on an extra-inning homer by Catcher Joe Ferguson. "Well, I feel the longer you play in a game the better your timing gets," he said. San Francisco (2–3) was getting desperate. With Chub Feeney, the National League president and former Giant general manager, looking on in embarrassment, the Giants lost 7–1 to Montreal before only 1,805 fans at Candlestick Park. No wonder, the Giants were 3–11 at home.

**LA 22–5 CIN 10–14 HOUS 11–15**
**SF 10–15 SD 11–19 ATL 8–18**

## AL EAST

New York (4–1) was finally living up to expectations. The Yankees moved into first by mowing down the A's 11–2 on the same day that Milwaukee was losing to Detroit 5–2. The Yankee win had everything, a complete-game, 10-strikeout performance by Don Gullett, hits by every starter but Carlos May and errorless defense. And it ended a week in which Ken Holtzman won his second game, Ed Figueroa his third, Mike Torrez his fourth (his first as a Yankee) and Thurman Munson extended his hitting streak to 15 games. New York Manager Billy Martin celebrated by babbling obscenely about an official scorer's decision he did not like.

For Milwaukee (3–5) it could have been a week to remember. After all, hadn't rookies Moose Haas and Barry Cort strengthened the rotation with their first big league wins? Haas beat Toronto 3–1 despite a bad back, and Toronto-born Cort pleased his relatives and father, an unemployed painter who flew north from Florida, by stopping the Blue Jays 6–2 the next night. Trouble was, there were just too many fans in Toronto, where the Blue Jays draw an average of 21,300, for the Jays to disappoint. In the third game of the series, Ron Fairly had his first three-hit game in a Toronto uniform, and Dave McKay abandoned his hopeless switch-hitting experiment to knock in three runs right-handed as the Blue Jays won 10–3. The next day, in a game delayed an hour by fog, McKay tripled and Fairly homered to halve the series 9–8. Alas, Toronto then lost two to the Twins to finish up a 2–5 week.

Even though Red Sox rookie Bob Stanley threw a six-hitter at the Angels, beating Frank Tanana 3–0, Reliever Bill Campbell got his first win, and Jim Rice and Carlton Fisk each homered twice, perhaps the best news in Boston was that Fred Lynn, who was socking the ball all over Fenway in batting practice, was ready to be activated.

Most of the news in Cleveland, where the Indians had a 2–4 week, took place off the field. Amid rumors of Manager Frank Robinson's imminent dismissal, rival skippers Bob Lemon (White Sox) and Gene Mauch (Twins) gave him testimonials. "It's not the job of a manager to motivate," Lemon said. "Self-motivation is the key to success on any team." Mauch added that Robinson rarely made mistakes in games with Minnesota. Among the other rumors: the club would not be able to meet its mid-May payroll, and San Francisco 49er owner Edward J. DeBartolo was negotiating to pick up the remains.

A substitute going into the week, Baltimore (4–1) Outfielder Pat Kelly may have made himself a regular by going 9 for 16, with four homers and one double. Kelly began his streak by figuring in all the Oriole runs during a 3–2 victory over California. His 10th-inning homer clinched the win. As he approached the plate before hitting his home run, Kelly said to himself, "Dear Lord, it would be nice if I could win this game with a dinger." Kelly did not seem to have a prayer of doing that, because he already had homered once in the game and had a career total of just 42 in nine seasons. He connected nonetheless and had subsequent home runs in a 9–2 win over Oakland and a 4–1 victory over Seattle. Finally, Kelly singled, stole a base, scored a run and drove in another in a 4–2 defeat of the Mariners. It was almost enough to gladden Jim Palmer, who muttered, "I haven't thrown the ball well" even as he set down the A's on seven hits and kept his ERA at 1.13.

Detroit (2–2) Reliever John Hiller had better reason to complain. "I make good pitches and wind up getting beat when a perfect curve ball goes off the end of Roy Smalley's bat," he moaned after the switch-hitting Twin got his first left-handed hit of the year, a bloop single, to beat the Tigers 6–5. Former Tiger Willie Horton had no gripe about the treatment he received on his first visit to Detroit as a Texas Ranger. Mayor Coleman Young threw a party for Horton, and the fans chanted, "We want Willie." Said Horton, "The first time up I had tears in my eyes. I tried not to look at my ex-teammates until I got ready to hit." So overcome was Horton that he went 4 for 6 as the Rangers won 13–0.

**NY 15–10 BALT 13–9 MIL 14–11 BOS 13–11**
**TOR 12–18 DET 10–14 CLEV 8–15**

*continued*


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**AL WEST** If Kansas City (4–3) and Texas (2–2) are playing, it must be fight time. Round One: the Rangers' Bump Wills, caught in a rundown, is tagged out by Third Baseman George Brett after colliding with Catcher Darrell Porter. Wills and Porter fall to the ground, get up and exchange words. Both benches empty. Round Two: seven players—two Royals, five Rangers—are ejected, but the only injury is a minor one to Brett's throwing arm. Verdict: split decision to Texas. During the *inevitable postmortems, Wills gave this version* of his *tête-à-tête* with Porter.

Porter: "How do you like it down there?"

Wills: "I thought it was a good baseball play."

Porter: "Sure it was. But you're out, so get your rear end back to the dugout."

Added Wills: "He instigated it, and he's got a big mouth." K.C. Manager Whitey Herzog predictably disagreed. He admitted Porter may have spoken first, but added, "To me, *it's just a matter of a guy gets caught in a* squeeze and gets mad." Other bits of sweetness and light included Brett calling Texas' Claudell Washington a "gutless bleep" and Ranger Willie Horton threatening to show Porter "the old school."

All but obscured was the fact that K.C. won the game 6–5 in the 10th inning, when Joe Zdeb's sacrifice fly scored Frank White. These were the same two teams that had tangled the previous week after Ranger Bert Blyleven retaliated for an alleged beanball by plunking Porter on the knee. This week Blyleven shut out Detroit 13–0.

California's 1–3 week was brightened by a 15-strikeout performance by Nolan Ryan, who whipped the Red Sox 8–4. Bobby Grich had a two-run homer, and Jerry Remy went *4 for 4. Minnesota (4–1) stayed in first de*spite the continued inability of Dave Goltz and Pete Redfern to win. Cub castoff Geoff Zahn took up the slack with his fifth victory (7–2 over Toronto), and rookie Jeff Holly pitched seven scoreless innings en route to beating Detroit 6–5.

Oakland (2–4) egos were put down by the Yankees, who beat the A's twice and even refused to appear on the A's postgame radio show. Said announcer Bob Waller, "One guy said he had to get home early for dinner, another had a date, a third said he didn't like radio appearances and a fourth said he had to take a shower." Ah, but what was Dock Ellis of the A's doing *refusing interviews?* Pounded for five first-inning runs by the Yankees, Ellis said, "My head's not in the right place yet." Neither is his arm. He has a 21.20 ERA in two appearances with Oakland.

As Chicago went 5–2, Seattle dipped to 1–5 and gave up eight stolen bases in two nights. In their first 29 games, the Mariners have allowed opponents 30 homers, given up 121 walks, thrown 15 wild pitches and hit 16 batsmen. "I have the patience of Job," said Manager Darrell Johnson. But will he be patient enough to keep from raising the Kingdome's short right-field fence? "Don't do it," advised Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver. "Fans like homers. After all, who likes 1–0 games?"

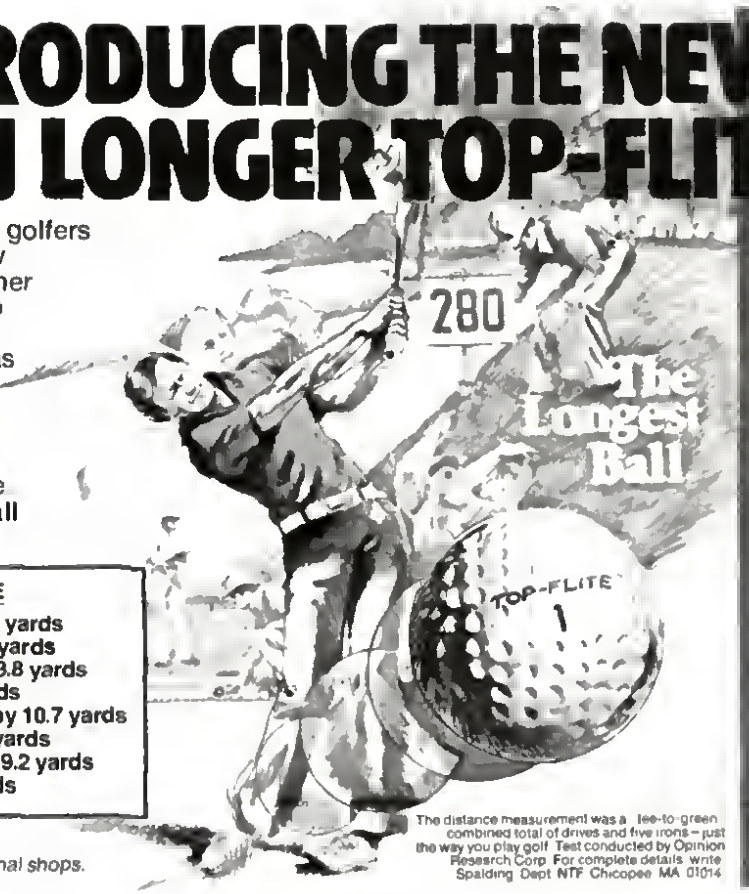
**MINN 17–10 CHI 15–10 KC 15–11 TEX 12–10**
**OAK 14–13 CAL 10–16 SEA 9–21**

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**STEVE ROGERS:** The Montreal righthander beat Los Angeles 6–2 and San Francisco 7–1, driving in two runs against the Giants with two singles. He has a 3–1 record, four complete games and a 1.34 earned run average.


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SPALDING QUESTOR

# This agent's no secret

*Four of the first six selections in the NFL draft are clients of Mike Trope, who has made Ricky Bell a millionaire and now expects to do the same for Tony Dorsett*

One morning last week a cab carrying USC Tailback Ricky Bell and his agent, Mike Trope, was stalled in traffic on New York's East 46th Street. A shabby figure lurched up to the taxi, stuck his head in a rear window and begged, "Could you guys spare a quarter for a little wine?" Trope produced a wad of bills, peeled off a 20 and handed it over. The wino stared at the bill in disbelief. Then, raising it in the air and waving it for all to see, he ran down the street shouting, "I can't believe it! A $20 bill! I can't believe it! I can't believe it!"

Back in the cab, Trope laughed uproariously. He could afford to be expansive, for earlier that morning he had increased his earning potential by more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Trope's windfall began at 10 a.m. Tuesday, when the Tampa Bay Buccaneers made Bell the first selection in the 1977 NFL draft. And while Bell was busy posing for photographers, displaying a Tampa Bay jersey with his No. 42 and giving interviews at draft central in New York's Roosevelt Hotel, three more of Trope's clients were quickly snapped up.

Tony Dorsett, the Heisman Trophy winner from Pittsburgh, was chosen next. Shopping for a game-breaking running back, the Dallas Cowboys began the day by trading their first-round pick and three second-round choices to Seattle for the Seahawks' No. 2 drafting position in round one—and picked Dorsett.

Cincinnati, selecting third, had had its fill of Trope during last year's Archie Griffin negotiations, so the Bengals passed on Trope's remaining clients, taking Defensive Tackle Eddie Edwards of the University of Miami. But Trope was back in action on the fourth selection as the New York Jets picked another member of the agent's USC stable, Offensive Tackle Marvin Powell. Then, after the Giants picked Defensive Tackle Gary Jeter of USC, Atlanta plunged for another of Trope's players, Offensive Tackle Warren Bryant of Kentucky.

Scribbling numbers on a piece of paper, Trope estimated that his four star clients would sign contracts totaling between $3 million and $4 million. Even if Trope charged them less than the standard commission of 10%, he figured to collect enough to fund New York's entire population of winos for a month.

Trope wasted no time getting Bell's name on a Tampa Bay contract. The agent and his client left for Florida before the completion of the first round of the draft and, shortly after landing in Tampa, Bell signed a five-year contract for a reported $1.2 million. It was far and away the richest contract ever signed by an NFL rookie. At the same time, Trope served notice on the Cowboys that he intends to put Dorsett in Bell's tax bracket.

For Powell and Bryant, Trope expects the Jets and Falcons to agree to multi-year contracts in the $750,000 range. Told that such a figure seems excessive for players performing in the so-called "non-glamour positions," Trope said, "I don't care if they have frog's legs. If teams chose them fourth and sixth, they have to expect to pay for them."

Bell's contract aside, Trope's real coup was helping persuade Seattle not to retain its No. 2 draft position and select Dorsett. On April 18 Trope and Dorsett had lunch at the Allegheny Club in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium with Nelson Goldberg, Dorsett's marketing manager, and Harvey Eger, Dorsett's tax attorney. Goldberg made a list of those NFL cities that he thought would be good for what Trope calls "Dorsett's ancillary earning potential." Not surprisingly, Seattle, which appeared set to draft Dorsett, was not on the list.

So Dorsett's advisers decided to discourage Seattle from choosing him. That afternoon Eger sent a letter to the Seahawks, which read in part: "I have been authorized to advise you on behalf of Mr. Dorsett, Mr. Trope and Mr. Goldberg that Mr. Dorsett is not desirous of playing professional football in Seattle, and request that your team does not draft Mr. Dorsett in the upcoming professional football draft."

Last year the Seahawks could have shredded Eger's letter as junk mail, but not now. The new NFL Player Contract gives Dorsett and all other draftees alternatives to signing with the team that selected them. Dorsett, in fact, can become a free agent by sitting out for two years or by signing a contract for a minimum of two years and playing it out. And there is the Canadian option as well. Seattle was well aware that Trope had taken such clients as Johnny Rodgers and Anthony Davis to the Canadian League when NFL clubs failed to meet his price. What's more, the general manager with whom Trope had negotiated the Rodgers and Davis deals—J. I. Albrecht—now works for Toronto, which holds Dorsett's Canadian rights.

Understandably, the Seahawks started to talk trade. The New York Jets, seeking a box-office attraction to replace the departed Joe Namath, offered their own first-round pick and Defensive Tackle Carl Barzilauskas, a 1974 first-round choice who had a promising rookie season but has been a bust ever since. When Seattle suggested the Jets sweeten the deal by throwing in Middle Linebacker

continued



*Bell and Trope pulled off a $1.2 million caper*

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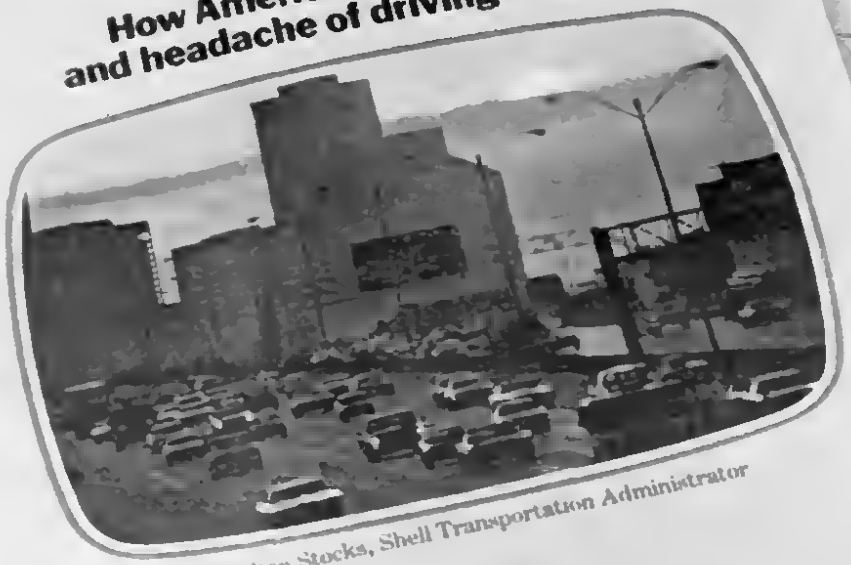
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Greg Buttle, the Jets said they would look for their gate attraction elsewhere.

Meanwhile, Seattle General Manager John Thompson made two proposals to the Cowboys. The first involved some Dallas draft choices and Linebacker Randy White. "The Cowboys bounced that back faster than we could spit it out," Thompson says. The second was the deal that eventually was made. The Dallas general manager, Tex Schramm, was euphoric about landing Dorsett. "Dorsett is the outstanding back to come out of college since maybe O. J. Simpson," he said. "He doesn't have O.J.'s size, but there's no reason why he shouldn't be as successful as Simpson." Then Schramm talked like a businessman.

"We certainly recognize that Dorsett has unique talent, but we're not going to destroy our salary structure signing him. There are so many reasons why being drafted and signed by the Cowboys is advantageous to him. By joining an established team such as ours, a team that has a viable chance to be in the playoffs and possibly the Super Bowl, he'll have so many opportunities to be successful that it really isn't logical for him to think of Canada. Why, we're on nine national telecasts before the playoffs even begin."

Behind the scenes at the draft there was more talk about the money Trope got for Bell than the trade Dallas made for Dorsett. Indeed, Tampa Bay owner Hugh Culverhouse may not have been half-kidding when he announced at a press conference, "I have just transferred my bank account to Mr. Ricky Bell."

Before Bell's deal, the highest amount paid to a draft choice was the $900,000 contract for seven years—two more than Bell signed for—that New Orleans gave Running Back Chuck Muncie in 1976. Muncie's agent was—you guessed it—Mike Trope. Excluding the war babies who became instantly rich during the NFL-AFL battles, the second-wealthiest rookie in NFL history most likely was Quarterback Richard Todd, who got a five-year, $605,000 contract from the Jets last year. The Cowboys, for instance, had the No. 1 draft pick in 1974 at the height of the WFL scare, selected Defensive End Ed (Too Tall) Jones and signed him for $450,000 over four years. And Tampa Bay gave Leroy Selmon, the No. 1 pick in last year's draft, only $315,000 for three years.

"If that $1.2 million figure for Bell is correct, it's alarming," said General Manager Jim Finks of the Chicago Bears. "It really makes for a whole new ball game. I wonder why Tampa Bay would do that. I wonder about the rationale." One other general manager shook his head and said, "Now I know why Tampa Bay was 0 and 14 last year."

While some NFL club officials tried to blame the Tampa Bay management for the size of Bell's contract, Trope preferred to credit his own bargaining skill. Although he is only 25 years old and has been in business for just five years, Trope has represented three of the last four Heisman Trophy winners, the exception being John Cappelletti. Trope became an agent during the summer before his senior year at USC, where he majored in history and didn't take a single business course. Using a student standby ticket, Trope flew to Lincoln, Neb., where Rodgers was practicing with the Cornhuskers. Trope had no credit rating, and in order to rent a car he had to bribe the girl at the counter with $10. But he convinced Rodgers that, even though he was five months Rodgers' junior, he should represent him in contract talks.

"Starting with Rodgers, I have negotiated for more than 60 players with a signing gross of over $20 million," says Trope. "And I've never been sued or spent a day in litigation with any of my clients."

Trope seems to deal only in big numbers. He got a $1 million deal for Rodgers in Canada, and when Rodgers wanted to return to the U.S. Trope somehow persuaded the San Diego Chargers to give Rodgers a seven-year contract for more than $925,000. Trope's capers for Anthony Davis seem right out of *The Sting*. For starters, he produced a $900,000 contract from the WFL's Southern California Sun, because the league folded in midseason, Davis received approximately $220,000 for half a year's work. Trope then negotiated a $1 million contract for Davis with the Toronto Argonauts. Davis played for the Argos last season, pocketed $250,000, then negotiated a $100,000 buy-out of his contract and signed another agreement with the Buccaneers, who had acquired Davis' NFL rights from the Jets in the expansion draft. In Tampa, where he will rejoin Bell and Coach John McKay, Davis will get roughly $490,000 during the next four years. Not bad for someone taken 37th in the 1975 NFL draft. For Bell, though, $490,000 is small change. **END**





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Malone had 32 points in Game One, but only seven in Game Two

# The Sixers do the hustle

*To win, Houston had to slow Philadelphia's attack to a waltz, but it was the 76ers who set the beat at the Spectrum, disco-dancing off with two quick victories.*

Here were the Houston Rockets, coming off the finest season in their 10-year history, fresh from a surprising and confidence-raising victory over the Washington Bullets in the playoff semifinals, about to play the Philadelphia 76ers for the NBA's Eastern Division championship, progressing smoothly toward an improbable date with destiny in the NBA finals. And then, pow! The 76ers greeted them as if they had been a group of small-town choirboys who had somehow stumbled onto an inner-city playground.

As everyone knows by now, the 76ers make their own kind of music, while the Rockets can't dance when the tempo's too fast. Houston is a team of superior shooters and rebounders, quick, sure-handed guards—and lead-footed forwards. Moses Malone may be the best offensive rebounder in the game and a marvelous shot-blocker, but he guards people about as often as he speaks, and Rudy Tomjanovich could write a text on bank-shooting, but it would not include the word "defense." In the series against Philadelphia, these deficiencies were to plague the Rockets and prove particularly dismaying to Coach Tom Nissalke. The two Sixers whom Malone and Tomjanovich were to guard were George McGinnis and Julius Erving. "I'm afraid there is not a team we match up with worse," Nissalke warned, remembering that in the regular season the 76ers had a 3–1 record against the Rockets.

Thus, in Game One Houston failed to slow down the tempo, lost the boards (which it rarely did all season), conceded the outside shot and moved about like unguided missiles for three quarters while watching the 76ers win 128–117. Erving and McGinnis had 24 and 21 points respectively, 6′ 6″ Guard Doug Collins used his three-inch advantage to burn rookie John Lucas for 23 points, and from the potent Philadelphia bench came Mr. Outside, Lloyd Free, with 18 and Mr. Inside, Darryl (Baby Gorilla) Dawkins, with 15 points and 11 rebounds. Only a 14-for-15 fourth-quarter shooting spree by the Rockets kept the score close.

"Frankly, it's a minor miracle that we've won as many games as we have," said Nissalke, who guided the Rockets

continued

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to a 49–33 record in his first season as their coach

It *is* a minor miracle and it was delivered in the person of Moses himself. Early in the season, the much-traveled Malone was taken in by Nissalke, who two years ago had coached him in his rookie season with the ABA Utah Stars. Once he found a home, the 23-year-old, 6′ 11″ Malone made most of the difference on a team that finished a game below .500 a year ago. He averaged 13 points and 13 rebounds during the season, and 19.5 points, 17 rebounds and two blocked shots in the Washington series. Despite his lackadaisical defense on McGinnis, Malone singlehandedly saved the Rockets from total embarrassment in Game One with 32 points and 12 rebounds, snaking around and through bodies almost as he pleased.

From the 76ers' point of view, the beginning of the Houston series seemed like a recess, following as it did the grueling seven-game set they had just gone through against Boston. "That was our test," said McGinnis "Boston could have had all five guys on crutches and we would have had to bust our butts to beat them. With Houston, well, first of all they have to stop us from running. And if they do, you get by Moses and there's no Dave Cowens there to help out. You've beaten their shot-blocker. Heck, this one should be easy "

And Game Two was hardly more difficult than the opener. With Nissalke starting Forward Eugene (Goo) Kennedy in an attempt to stop McGinnis, and moving Malone to center in place of Kevin Kunnert, the Rockets were at times able to control the tempo. But when they have a mind to, the Sixers can do things terribly quickly. After a poky start, they ran off 14 straight points and McGinnis finished the first quarter with 13 against Kennedy, Dwight Jones and, finally, Malone Philadelphia coasted for a spell in the second period, then outscored Houston 21–7 in the blink of an eye to lead by 12 at halftime.

Houston was able to slow the pace again in the third period, while its two supershooters, Tomjanovich and Calvin Murphy (on his way to a game-high 32 points), hit a combined 13 for 15, and with a quarter to go the Rockets trailed 80–77. Then along came Free, dropping in a 22-footer, Dawkins with a jumper and two shattering slam dunks, and a pair of jumpers by Erving, and the 76ers suddenly exploded an 86–83 lead to 100–85, disco-dancing away to a 106–97 win—with 21 points from McGinnis, 20 from Collins, 18 from Erving, 16 from Free and 13 from Dawkins.

Afterward the 76ers weren't even breathing hard, their ho-hum attitude suggesting a lurking overconfidence. Free laid that possibility to rest—sort of. "We were not overconfident against Boston," he said. "We are not overconfident against Houston, and we will not be overconfident in the finals."

Only eight weeks after the infamous "Black Sunday" when the season-long infighting among the 76ers came to a head with several players—notably Free and Dawkins—demanding to be traded and Coach Gene Shue laying a gag order on everybody, the Sixers are now cooing about "togetherness" and "team play."

Nissalke was worrying mainly about McGinnis and Erving—"*They're* the guys," he said. "What's Lloyd Free going to do to *us*?"—but the Rockets might be playing Boston instead of Philadelphia except for Free, the self-acclaimed Prince of Midair, who makes basketball purists cringe with his one-on-one 25-footers.

"I love it when people put the rap on me," says Free, a 6′ 3″ second-year man out of Guilford College via the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. "They're just waiting for me to mess up, the same ones who have been waiting for Muhammad Ali to put his foot in his mouth. Look at our records, his and mine. My teammates know that when there's a game to be won I'll win it for 'em. You can't stop me. You try to cut off my driving, I'll jump on you. If you jump on me, I'll jump *over* you. I don't care if you're David Thompson. The only man who can stop Lloyd Free is Gene Shue, and he just tells me, 'Lloyd, the ball is yours. Put it up when you need to.' How many second-year players you ever see can play like me? Before the last Boston game, Dave Cowens came up to me, looked me up and down and said, 'I don't *believe* you.' " Free laughs. "The NBA is like the ghetto. Only the strong survive. And I'm one of the strong ones."

And what of Dawkins, the 20-year-old, 6′ 11″ 257-pounder with the 33-inch thighs and 36-inch waist who went directly from the cradle into a Cadillac Fleetwood last year? He has become what is known in the NBA as a "force." He moved from No. 3 center to No. 2 behind Caldwell Jones in late January when starting Center Harvey Catchings injured an elbow, and arrived in April with a 20-point, nine-rebound game against New Orleans. "Within two years, he will unquestionably be the franchise," predicts McGinnis, of all people

Dawkins was superb, playing 25 minutes in Game One against Malone in the Battle of the Babies. On one play he blocked a shot by Lucas, dribbled halfway upcourt, passed to McGinnis, streaked to the basket, took a pass thrown behind him and slammed home a rim-shaking reverse dunk.

"It wasn't quite a go-rilla dunk like I wanted," said Dawkins, who threw down the single most-watched dunk in basketball history. That was the 'De Laurentiis Dunk" he made against Portland, and which CBS now runs in slow motion on its NBA promos, four or five times a telecast. "That dunk gave me a new public image," Dawkins says. "Used to be people always said, 'He's the one who went right from high school to the pros.' Now they say, 'That's Dawkins. He's the one be dunkin' on CBS ' "

Even with Free's ICBMs and the awesome Dawkins added to the Philadelphia attack—and not forgetting the 76ers' other capable substitute, Forward Steve Mix—one big question remains. Can the 76ers ever be as great as the sum of their parts? "No problem," says Erving. "We've always been cool spiritually. It's taken us this long to do it on the court."

"This club has been the most scrutinized club in the history of basketball," says McGinnis. "We've been like a wagonload of gold moving cross-country. Everybody waited in ambush to get their piece. Now we have arrived. Intact "

Not so fast. Shue still worries about the 76ers' execution breaking down from time to time—owing to the team's disdain for discipline and practice, where they behave like bored kindergarteners.

For his part, Nissalke works the Rockets as though they were on Parris Island, and the Rockets, who have come so far, are not about to be laughed off by Philadelphia.

"We can beat them," says Calvin Murphy. "They have the superstars, we have the shooters and the discipline. I've been waiting seven years for this. I just learned that when you're winning you're no longer 'too small.' " With the series moving back to Houston, his problem is to figure out how to start winning in the first place **END**

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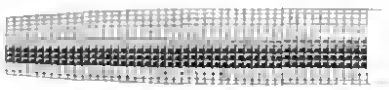
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## Here's why a Parker pen offers substantially more for your money.

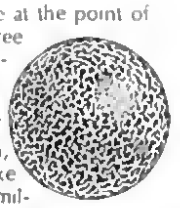


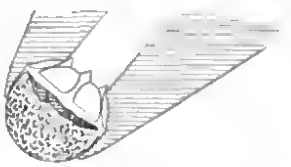
1 The distinctive Parker grid design was inspired by a leading London silversmith Carved deeply into the case by a precise sequence of beveled cuts, the design is found on all sterling silver Classic and 75 ball pens, fountain pens and soft tip pens The result is a metal sculpture that provides dozens of finger-fitting treads for easy, certain grip.



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# Nash had his crew rambling

*Penn's coach figured out exactly how to beat mighty Harvard by a few inches*

Last Friday afternoon, as University of Pennsylvania Coach Ted Nash took his crews along the 2,000-meter Charles River course in Cambridge, showing them the setting for Saturday's Adams Cup race against Navy and Harvard—the No. 1-ranked crew in the nation—there was a near disaster. One of the Penn eights nearly smashed head on into an abutment of the Massachusetts Avenue Bridge.

Nash grabbed the bullhorn and yelled, "Look, cox, I said use the arch on the right or the one in the middle. I didn't say use the abutment!" He rubbed his face and said in a gentler tone, "Hey, it's all right. Just relax. I know. I'm nervous, too."

Nash had reason to be nervous. For Penn, the Adams Cup this year had a particular meaning. As one Penn aide said, "We're the Avis of crew racing—Harvard is No. 1, and that's the Hertz of it."

With a record of 3–1 for the new season (Penn had lost only to Princeton two weeks earlier), the Quakers were ready to try harder against Harvard, which had been undefeated in 26 collegiate races over five years and was masterminded by Coach Harry Parker, the Olympian savant of college crew, whose 14-year regular season record was 63–4. Penn won the Adams Cup in 1970, and Navy in 1971. Since then, it had been all Harvard.

But Penn has been catching up fast, and Parker was less than sanguine about his crew's chances. "We're a young and relatively inexperienced boat," he said, referring to the fact that only half of last year's varsity eight was back. "And we're a light boat. Three of our oarsmen are under 175 pounds.

"Penn is big, tough, experienced and, let's face it, they have an easier time recruiting—Harvard's standards are too high. The question really is, can *we* beat *them*?"

It was almost midnight Friday before Nash, an apostle of hard work and attention to detail, returned to his motel from the boathouse on the Charles, ordered five scoops of ice cream and relaxed on his bed to discuss his theories about crew. "What wins races is chesslike logistics," he said. "When you find yourself in checkmate, it's because of something that happened seven moves ago. I never want a race to get out of hand because of something I haven't accounted for. So I was just out with the coxes, walking the racecourse from the bank, showing them clearly every landmark, position and possibility of wind, water, weather and strategy along the river. If the cox knows what he's doing in the river, he settles the whole boat down. He just doesn't panic."

A champion oarsman himself, Nash has coached in four Olympics, his crews winning medals in 1964, 1968 and 1972. His men's pairs without cox got a silver in Montreal last year.

"Crew coaching has changed a lot since I began 13 years ago," Nash says. "We're not Vince Lombardis anymore. We're more gentle, but we're not 'party coaches,' either. We care about the kids and—unlike the situation in most sports—we get half our boat from guys who never saw an oar before college. We want our kids to graduate and do well.

"We're in the middle of finals at Penn right now," he added. "We've got a proctor along, and some oarsmen will be taking exams on the bus back."

Shortly after midnight, varsity Cox Joe O'Connor showed up for last-minute instructions. On a piece of paper covered with what resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics—plus drawings of bridges, rocks, steeples and a welter of numbers—Nash had laid out the possible Harvard moves and his countermoves.

"Harvard usually starts slow, and we fire out strong," he said. "Harvard's move will come between 500 and 1,000 meters, when we're settling down. But they beat right through, and in the last 500 we have a terrific sprint. Depending on what they do, our strategy will be to open like lightning, and finish so strong they can't keep a lead after the middle of the race. I guess you could say that Harvard is more imposing than we are, but we're more mercurial."

The next morning, after Penn and Harvard split victories in the freshman and junior varsity eights, their two big boats plus Navy's lined up in a light chop. The oarsmen in the Penn boat looked as nervous as Nash in his launch. As Penn's number 6 oar, Phil Stekl, had said, "Sure we're nervous, after all we're racing for the No. 1 ranking, but it's a *good* nervous."

Harvard got off to a surprisingly good start, and Penn a slow one. After 500 meters, Harvard had several feet on Penn and widened the margin to two-thirds of a boat length by the midway point, pouring it on in Penn's weakest section of the race.

But the Quakers then upped the stroke and drew almost even. As the eights passed the three-quarters mark, Penn's stroke was at 39, finding the reserve strength for the sprint Nash's strategy included, they upped that to 40 and then to a killing 41, and held it to the finish. During the last 400 meters the boats were virtually even, Penn nipping Harvard by not much more than a foot—one-tenth of a second—to win in 6:15.0. Navy Coach Rick Clothier, whose crew finished third, three lengths back, said, "That was as fine as anything I've seen in a long time. Either one of them could have won it. It was nearly textbook perfect."

Even Parker seemed content in the afterglow of the race. "I'm not disappointed in my crew," he said. "They did it perfectly, and there's always next week."

"Next week" for Parker and Nash meant the Eastern Sprints on May 15, when the two crews were scheduled to meet again. As Penn loaded its boats on a trailer, the tension began to build anew. "If we're ranked No. 1 this week, as we should be," said Nash, "it means that we'll get to go against lower seeds in the heats at the sprints. It's to our advantage. But we'll see when we get there. Now, I've got plans to make." **END**

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# He was a two-time loser

*Garry Cheevers had a terribla Saturday His colt, Royal Ski, could not run in tha Kentucky Derby, and his team, the Boston Bruins, was embarrassed by Montreal*

It was Kentucky Derby Day and people in Montreal naturally wanted to talk horses with that noted thoroughbred owner, Gerry Cheevers. No matter that illness had prevented Cheevers' colt, Royal Ski, from running in the Derby. Reporters, TV men and other interested parties wanted to know who Cheevers thought would win the Derby. And what if it were a muddy track, Gerry? And how would Royal Ski do if he *could* run, Gerry? Cheevers fielded the questions for a while, then gently declined to discuss the race any longer. "Hey," he pleaded, puffing on a sequoia-sized cigar, "doesn't anybody realize we're here to play a hockey game?"

Unfortunately for Cheevers, who also tends goal for the Boston Bruins, the Montreal Canadiens realized it only too well. On Kentucky Derby night, to the amusement of a crowd of 17,311 in the Montreal Forum, the Canadiens practically blasted Cheevers out of the nets in the opening game of the best-of-seven Stanley Cup finals. The 7–3 shellacking by the Canadiens was a rude comedown for Cheevers, who had lived up to his reputation as a "money goalie" in the Bruins' sweep of favored Philadelphia in the semifinals. And it put Royal Ski's unfortunate owner in the singular position of coming up empty in two classic sporting events on the same day.

For Montreal, the romp was a welcome pick-me-up. The Canadiens had a 60–8–12 record in the regular season, best in NHL history, only to play sluggishly against the New York Islanders in a semifinal series that unexpectedly lasted six games. The gritty Islanders had pretty much silenced Montreal's big guns, Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt, and while neither of them scored in the opener against the Bruins, their teammates had no trouble beating Cheevers with two goals apiece by Mario Tremblay and Yvon Lambert and one each by Doug Risebrough, Jacques Lemaire and Rick Chartraw. In the face of this barrage, the beleaguered Cheevers could find no comfort in the fact that he had received little protection from his defensemen.

"When you give up seven goals, you're not sharp," he said. "The Canadiens came in so fast you didn't have time to breathe. Our defensemen? There was room for improvement for us all over the ice—starting in goal."

Montreal's goalie, Ken Dryden, was dependable, if not sensational, and this was enough to cheer the Canadiens. In the regular season Dryden teamed with backup Goalie Bunny Larocque for an NHL-leading 2.09 goals-against average, but he was hot and cold during the Islander series. This raised fears in Montreal that the Bruins might have an edge with Cheevers, who has never had Dryden's glittering stats, but whose clutch performances helped the Bruins to Stanley Cups in 1970 and 1972. Then Cheevers bolted to the WHA for three-plus seasons before returning to the Bruins last year. This season he had a so-so 3.04 goals-against average, but was practically impenetrable as the Bruins won 10 of

*continued*





*Cheevers watches helplessly as a deflection by Yvon Lambert (top left) settles into the net, and Ken Dryden watches with relief as Gregg Sheppard's shot misses the net*

their last 11 games to overtake Buffalo for the Adams Division championship. In the subsequent sweep of Philadelphia, Cheevers was brilliant, yielding but one goal in the last 174 minutes—the equivalent of nearly three full games.

"With Gerry, statistics just don't mean anything," says Boston Coach Don Cherry. "If we're leading 6–0, he'll let in two, three easy ones. But if we're winning 2–1, look out. There's no goaltender tougher than he is."

"I feel funny about the talk about me being a clutch goaltender," says Cheevers. "It makes it sound like I'm not playing hard the rest of the time. But I'm fairly emotional, and I suppose the adrenaline gets going during playoffs."

Whatever happens in the rest of the series, the contrasts between Dryden and Cheevers make their Stanley Cup showdown a compelling one. The handsome 6′4″ Dryden comes across more like a lawyer than a hockey player—actually he is both—and he is analytical and circumspect in even the most casual conversation. On road trips he enjoys nothing more than ordering from room service and curling up with a weighty tome. To ease the Stanley Cup pressures, he was reading a book last weekend that dealt with population migration in the "very delicate savannahs" of East Africa. There is a sobriety about Dryden even on the ice. Using his height and reach to advantage, he stands before the net in the stolid manner of a palace guard.

Cheevers is a different kettle of fish. He flashes a big bankroll, which the frugal Dryden would never do, and enjoys playing gin with the boys—at such moments, that is, when his nose is not buried in the *Daily Racing Form*, which is hand-delivered to him in the Bruin locker room. At 36, seven years older than Dryden, Cheevers has a widening bald patch and a paunchiness that has prompted masseurs to mistake him for, among other things, a cabdriver. He clowns at practice, too, which was of some concern when he backed up the Los Angeles Kings' Rogie Vachon for Team Canada in last fall's Canada Cup tournament.

"When is Cheevers going to get serious?" demanded Montreal's Scotty Bowman, Team Canada's head coach.

"At game time," replied Cherry.

For all his rollicking ways, Cheevers is fiercely competitive when play begins. He uses his stick liberally on foes, routinely chopping down anybody who intrudes on the crease. Exhibiting more confidence in his skating ability than most goalies—he played left wing for a short time as an amateur in his native Toronto—Cheevers ventures far out of goal to narrow the angle on opponents' shots. "You've got to blitz the big shooters, or they'll blow it by you," he says. Cheevers also roams daringly far afield to clear the puck, becoming, in effect, part of his club's offense.

"Gerry gets burned sometimes, but not as often as you think," says Boston General Manager Harry Sinden. "What



seems like a gamble to you and me is not a gamble to him. He doesn't make a play unless the odds are with him. And he's the same with horses He doesn't do anything there either, unless the odds are with him."

Cheevers' first experience with thoroughbreds was walking hots and working as a pari-mutuel clerk at tracks in Ontario. That hooked him, and five years ago he began putting his hockey winnings into his own stable, the Four and Thirty (Cheevers wears No. 30, his friend Bobby Orr wore No. 4) He combed horse-sale catalogs, and before the 1975 Keeneland fall sale put a question mark alongside the description of a yearling that his trainer, John (Butch) Lenzini, wound up buying for $20,500 The horse was Royal Ski, who last year earned $309,704, becoming the leading money-winner among 2-year-olds. The sum included $86,046 for winning the Laurel (Md.) Futurity on Oct. 30. That evening, in the Montreal Forum, Cheevers played spectacularly as Boston handed the Canadiens their only regular-season home loss, 4–3. Returning to Boston, he shared his good fortune by renting a bus and taking his teammates and their wives to see the musical *Grease*. Cheevers dressed for the occasion in tails—and tennis shoes

In January Cheevers arranged to syndicate a one-third interest in Royal Ski for $1 million, retaining the other two-thirds for himself But the horse contracted a severe virus, and when it appeared he would not be ready for any of the Triple Crown races, Cheevers voluntarily dissolved the syndicate rather than sell a "faulty product." Out a cool million, Cheevers hopes to start rebuilding Royal Ski's market value in major stakes this summer. "I'm disappointed about not being in the Derby," said Cheevers, who watched the race on TV just before leaving for the Forum, "but I'm cocky and arrogant enough to think I'll get another shot someday."

It was Cheevers' team, not his horse, that figured to be out of the running by last weekend The Bruins, after all, were a faceless club with little of the flair of the Orr-Esposito teams of the immediate past. But flair matters little to Cherry, a pugnacious sort who carries in his wallet a picture of his bullterrier Blue but none of his wife Rose and their two children. Cherry kept the team plugging and, after polishing off the Flyers, the Bruins had to cool their skates while mighty

*continued*






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Montreal struggled to oust the feisty Islanders.

Facing elimination in the Forum, New York upset the Canadiens 4–3 in overtime Tuesday night to force a sixth game back on Long Island. Montreal had not lost two straight in more than a year, but now, tantalizingly, the Canadiens suddenly seemed a mite vulnerable. They were riddled with injuries, and Lafleur appeared tired. And could it be that success had, in a sense, spoiled Ken Dryden? Protected during the regular season by the NHL's best defensive corps, Dryden had known more inactivity than adversity; for want of pucks to stop, he had spent a lot of time leaning on his stick and reading the Forum's tickertape message board. Feeling the need to reassure his goalie, Bowman huddled with Dryden at the team's motel.

"People were getting on Kenny just because he hadn't come through for us this one time," Bowman said. "I wanted him to know he didn't owe us anything. I told him the odds on his having another off game were astronomical."

As though by Bowmanian fiat, the discomforts that Dryden had suffered were now visited on other goalies. The first was the Islanders' Chico Resch, who mishandled Bob Gainey's seemingly harmless flip shot and watched the puck roll into the net only seven seconds into the game. Resch settled down, but Dryden was clearly on top of his game again, and there was no more scoring for the next 49 minutes. Then, midway through the third period, Gainey caught Resch out of position for another soft goal—a play on which an obvious offsides by Montreal's Murray Wilson was overlooked by the officials. A shot by New York's Denis Potvin slipped by Dryden in the waning seconds, but the 2–1 win sent Montreal into the finals.

The second discomfited goaltender of the week was Cheevers. Though Cheevers' performance in the Bruins' 7–3 loss was worse than any of Dryden's against the Islanders, it is, remember, the nature of money goalies to be unconcerned by goals-against figures. "What difference does it make if the score is 2–0 or 18–3?" Cheevers said after the game. "A loss is a loss. All I know is that I'm going to have to make some adjustments if we're going to beat Montreal."

The task is probably no harder than beating Seattle Slew. But it may not be any easier, either. **END**

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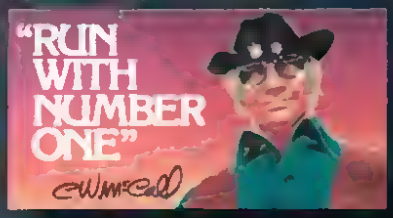

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Looking fierce and indomitable, a merlin (left) and an American peregrine clutch fresh kills, but residual pesticides in such prey as the merlin's starling are insidiously decimating some raptors.

Man used to look upon birds of prey as varmints. Now, with the very existence of some of these proud, beautiful creatures threatened, he is working hard, and with a glimmer of hope, to save them

by DONALD DALE JACKSON

# Fighting beak and claw

CONTINUED



## Raptors *continued*

We arrived at the canyon about 20 minutes before sundown. For a few moments there was no sound but the waterfall rush of the wind through the fir trees atop the cliff. We stared west, down the canyon toward the gap where it opened onto the sagebrush plain of western Utah.

Kent Keller spotted it first. He pointed at a black speck on the orange horizon, heading our way. Ron Joseph, the leader of the pocket safari, clamped his binoculars to his eyes, found the speck and smiled. "Yep, it's a bald," he said happily. "and he's fine, too, really fine." He hunched his shoulders in concentration. "Hey," he cried, "here come two more—wait a minute, there's another one." Joseph was trying to focus and point and make notes all at once.

The first eagle glided through the gap and into the canyon, flapped its great dark wings a few times and lit on a protruding ledge about 500 feet up the cliff. Then it began a slow, rim-to-rim examination of everything on the canyon floor, including us. Through the binoculars, I watched the burning eyes appraise us and move on—*Let's see, three men, a pick-up truck; nothing there for me.*

The pair flying in tandem were an adult and a juvenile, the mature bird recognizable by the snow-white head that bald eagles acquire after four or five years. They scooted around the high cliff like children at a picnic, chasing and brushing each other, nearly locking in the air, then peeling off in sudden sharp turns. Keller squinted and pointed. We saw another half dozen eagles making for their roost on the canyon wall. One by one they flew through the gap, eased up on the throttle and landed, a squadron of jets returning to their carrier. One came in chirping in a peculiar, high-pitched voice. The sound an eagle makes is so startling a contrast to its appearance and manner that it seems a cosmic trick on the bird, a sabotaging of its dignity. It is as if John Wayne opened his mouth to speak and Jerry Lewis' voice came out.

Now, as still more white-crowned eagles soared toward the roost, a new chorus of squeaks came from the cliff. The call seemed to follow a pattern: the same note repeated five times, then a quick four notes down the scale. The eagles already settled were letting the later arrivals know that they were in place and comfortable, thanks. The message was *Find another perch*, but it didn't always work. Several times a younger bird flapped off, squawking, displaced by an elder with eyes for a particular ledge or branch.

Keller scanned the cliff with his glasses. "Twenty-one," he said. "All balds. Seventeen adults and four immatures." "Great," Joseph said. "This is the best day this winter." The two were gathering eagle data for Joseph's master's thesis in zoology at Brigham Young University.

The sun was about to set beneath the sage and the air was suddenly cold. "They're just about all in now," Joseph said. "They won't go anywhere after dark." Shadows climbed the cliffside, embracing the eagles and shuttering anoth-



Despite its fully protected status, the golden eagle is still shot and poisoned by sheep ranchers

er day of hunting. All of them faced the valley rather than the cliff, ready for first light tomorrow.

We stared at the cliff as the shadows deepened. The birds were silent except for an occasional soft chirp, much less strident than before. "That's just happy talk, conversation," Joseph said. We could hear the waterfall sound of wind again. A few tentative snow drops were falling as we climbed into Keller's pickup for the drive back to Provo.

Joseph was elated. "What a day! What a day!" he exulted. "Who says there's no eagles anymore?"

For the large and growing number of Americans who are worried about wildlife, some of the news from the bird world, raptor division, is heartening. Raptors are birds of prey: eagles, hawks, falcons, owls and a few other species, united by the marvelous weapons they carry at the ends of their legs—and the ability to use them on live prey. Despite a once-dubious reputation, they have become fashionable. Corporations contribute to their well-being. Rewards are offered for information concerning their persecutors. Laws have been written to protect them. It is no longer legal in the U.S. to shoot or otherwise maim any bird of prey. There is even a federal protective area in Idaho for raptors, and there is talk of creating others. Research grants are available for raptor studies; one biologist went West a few years ago to investigate bighorn sheep, but he switched to eagles when he discerned the direction of the cash drift.

The sport of falconry is becoming more and more popular. Falconers, who train raptors to fly at lures or game, are sometimes thought of by orthodox nature lovers as bloodthirsty knaves indulging in weird medieval rites. Some falconers are irresponsible, dishonest and cruel, but most are serious outdoorsmen who have led the fight to help birds of prey. In Colorado the number of licensed falconers rose from 49 in 1966 to 116 in 1971, to 176 in 1975.

The burgeoning popularity of raptors is a new phenomenon. Their historic reputation is found in a description of a goshawk in an 1898 bird book: "Another villain of deepest dye: what good can be said of it beyond that it wears handsome feathers, is a devoted mate and parent, a fearless hunter. . . . Whitewashing is useless in the case of a bird known to be the most destructive creature on wings. No more daring marauder prowls above the poultry yards than the goshawk that drops like a thunderbolt from a clear sky at the farmer's very feet and carries off his chickens before his eyes." The goshawk's sin was its taste in food. The chickens, rabbits and ducks it preferred were also favored by his brother predator, good old *Homo sapiens*.

In recent years, however, conservation has become accepted, even chic. But it took disaster to make raptors acceptable. Some species were disappearing, their numbers reduced by itchy-fingered hunters, by golf courses and housing developments that were eating into their once-wild terrain, by power lines that fried their feathers, by pesticides, particularly DDT. Then 20 dead eagles were discovered in Jackson Canyon, Wyo., victims of a particularly venomous trapping poison called thallium sulfate. A Wyoming pilot said he had flown eagle hunters on contracts for sheep ranchers and that the airborne assassins had shot down 770 eagles. In the Eastern U.S. the American peregrine, or duck hawk, had completely vanished, and in the West there were fewer than 60 pairs.

The new, ecologically aware society would take no more. Letters flew. Phones rang. Laws passed. In 1972 the use of DDT in the U.S. was virtually banned and all raptors received federal protection. The raptors, blessedly innocent of man's moralities and pieties, single-mindedly concentrating on the business of snatching rabbits, squirrels, mice, ducks and the occasional lamb, were suddenly objects of public and private affection, recipients of protection, of intense scientific analysis. Several species seem to be making a comeback.

Tom Dunstan's government pickup truck bounced along a barely visible road in a section of southwestern Idaho known to raptor project scientists as Little Baja. The Snake River lay a few hundred yards away, off the end-of-the-world lip of a sage plain that abruptly yielded to a deep canyon.

Dunstan is a university biologist working for the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management. He studies the

*continued*

habits of golden eagles, prairie falcons and red-tailed hawks in the federal raptor sanctuary, the Birds of Prey Natural Area. One way he does this is to trap the birds and attach tiny transmitters to their backs. He then tracks their movements on a receiver in his truck.

A mile ahead of us, perched on a power pole, was Morlita, a female golden eagle and Dunstan's love object. "Lord, she's on one of the bad poles," he said. The bad poles have three parallel wires the same height above the ground, spaced a few feet apart. Eagles are electrocuted when their wings touch two hot wires simultaneously. "The power company has changed a lot of them," he said. "They elevated the middle wire. There aren't nearly as many fried eagles as there used to be."

Dunstan stopped the truck and put on his earphones. A firm, steady beep came from Morlita's transmitter. He was happy to see her and was not too worried about the power pole. "She's at least 15 and she knows how to fly," he said. "It's the young ones who come in with wings flapping that get electrocuted. She'll just sit there all day and maybe get a rabbit 20 minutes before dusk and that's it for the day." He started the truck and moved toward her. When we were 200 yards away she sailed off and found another, more distant perch.

"That's today's acceptable distance," Dunstan said.

The Snake River Natural Area has the largest known concentration of raptors in North America. An estimated 30 pairs of golden eagles and 200 pairs of prairie falcons nest in the 500-foot-high cliffs and buttes along the river. The main architect of the Natural Area is a 60-year-old raptor expert and falconer named Morley Nelson, who lobbied for the area for years before it came into being in 1971. Nelson is a rugged, charismatic man who is idolized by most American falconers and raptor admirers. "He's rough and scaly and rugged and beautiful like an eagle," Dunstan says of him. "He's not a peregrine—he's not suave and pretty. He's like an eagle. Beautiful, you know, but not pretty."

Dunstan drove down a switchback road to the bottom of the Snake River Canyon. He pointed to splotches of white on the walls. "Each one of those droppings stains marks a nest site," he said, "most of them prairie falcons'." Half a dozen sites were visible. Prairie falcons were spared the decimation suffered by peregrines because of their different habitats and diets. The prairies are desert birds that feed primarily on rodents, while peregrines concentrate on birds that eat DDT-laden insects. The prairies' prey, mainly desert-plant eaters, carry little or no DDT.

We looked at the river crashing over rocks and thundering toward its rendezvous with the Columbia. "On a spring evening you can just sit here and listen to the birds calling," Dunstan said. "What a way to live! They're protected, they're clever and strong, and God, those eyes. They can drill a hole through the back of your head."

A prairie falcon, about to be trapped for research purposes, attacks a mechanical squirrel lure



The sight of a falcon in flight is one of nature's glorious excesses, a spectacle so compelling that it demands an encore. Falcons are the superjocks of birddom, the Bruce Jenners and Nadia Comanecis of the air. Wary falconers like to poohpooh the end result of all that beauty and grace—the kill—and carry on about aerial style. But, in fact, they are inseparable—form and function, flight and kill. The English naturalist J. A. Baker was aware of this when he wrote the following description of a peregrine's "stoop," or attack dive:

"Coming straight down at me, it had not the shape of a bird. It was like a falling head, a shark's head dropping from the sky. It made a faint sighing that quickly hardened to a shrill whining sound, like the wind harping through high wires. A great black-backed gull obscured the

continued

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## Raptors *continued*

peregrine for a second as it passed over towards the shore. . . . There was a loud slamming bang. The gull buckled like hot metal."

My lone experience with falconry was a day this past winter on the marshy edges of Great Salt Lake. Two friends offered to let me watch their falcons—an Arctic-born gyrfalcon and a prairie falcon—hunt wild game.

We drove for an hour in search of pheasant or ducks. One of the tenets of falconry is that the falconer finds the game first, then releases his bird. He doesn't want to release the bird with no game in sight, lest the bird begin to wonder why he needs this human clown anyway.

Finally we spotted a lone mallard, mysteriously down in the middle of a pasture with no water in sight. The falconer donned his glove and grabbed the prairie, which was hooded to encourage tranquility. From the bird's legs he disengaged the leather "jesses," a pair of short lines, and removed the hood. The falcon looked all around, taking in everything, then fluttered its wings, signifying readiness. The falconer raised his arm and shouted, and the prairie roared off.

As the falconer loped across the pasture toward the target mallard, the bird began to "ring up," climbing in graceful spirals. The mallard flushed and took off on a low, edgy trajectory. The falcon, 600 feet aloft, spotted the duck and went into its stoop. It looked like an arrow, perfectly aimed and formed, without an ounce of excess. The duck was scrambling but the falcon was closing, dropping at an angle of perhaps 60 degrees and at a speed of maybe 150 mph.

The mallard headed for a small pond. Falcons don't strike a bird sitting on water, so the pond meant deliverance, but when the duck was 20 feet above the pond the falcon hit. The mallard dropped like a sandbag, and when it fell we realized the defect in its escape plan: the pond was frozen. I wondered if, and when, the duck realized that.

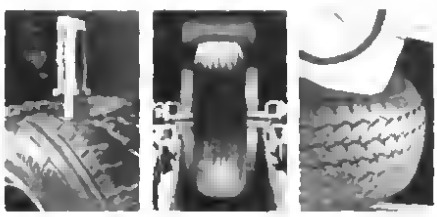
We galloped across the field and ran breathlessly around the pond. The falconer knelt beside his bird, which was calmly ripping off chunks of duck. The man removed the heart and liver and fed them to the falcon, coaxing it onto his gloved hand. He murmured constantly to the bird, offering a hum of reassurance, trying to reinforce their alliance.

*continued*

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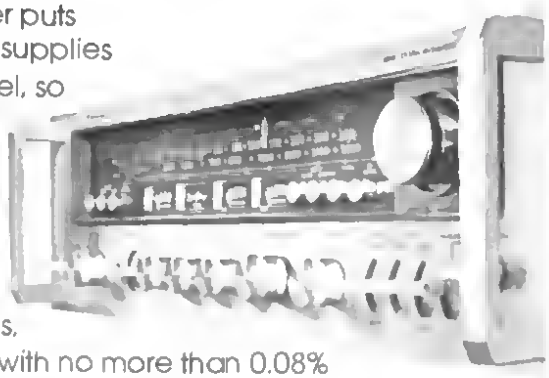
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## Raptors *continued*

"She doesn't need me," he explained, "except to the degree that I provide food for her. There's no reward and punishment in our relationship; you don't punish a falcon. If she knows that we work together in hunting, and that she gets game that way, that's all I can ask. She'll stay with me until one day when she decides to leave." He looked affectionately at the falcon on his gloved fist. "Atta bird," he said.

Falconry is ensnarled in an overlapping, tedious and sometimes melodramatic web of law, suspicion, intrigue, money, politics and paranoia. At the moment, everyone involved is a little dubious about everyone else. Federal Fish and Wildlife agents distrust scientists. The state wildlife cops aren't sure about the feds. Scientists feel persecuted. And falconers don't like anybody.

The laws regulate what kind of birds a falconer can have, how many, where he can get them, whether he can take them out of state, how he takes care of them and just about everything else, including the type of equipment he needs. "It takes me a day just to fill out all the papers," one falconer complains. All this has led to the rise of a black market, the buying and selling of protected raptors, particularly prized peregrines and gyrfalcons, although its extent is still unknown to federal authorities.

The black market is complicated by what might be called the Arab Connection, which seeps through falconry like an oil slick. Arabs love to hunt with falcons—"It's their baseball and football," says Morley Nelson—and they have a lot of cash, some of it recently ours. The result is an atmosphere of rumor and skulduggery. Arab sheiks will pay $10,000 for a good peregrine, more than $20,000 for a good gyrfalcon. American smugglers, in league with unscrupulous falconers, are ready to supply this market. A recent case involved a Chicago businessman who made the mistake of buying two peregrines from an undercover federal agent for shipment to a sheik he wanted to impress. The feds busted him on an illegal-sale charge—a misdemeanor—and he paid a $500 fine.

But Fish and Wildlife officers complain that they lack the money and manpower to stop the illegal traffic. "The FBI could do it but it's not their thing," a Fish and Wildlife man says. "We could say to them that if you watch the flights

*continued*

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from New York to Europe and Arabia for two weeks you'll find falcons being transported illegally, and they'd say 'big deal.'" The evacuation of London's Heathrow Airport during a bomb scare led to the discovery of a box in a men's room containing six young gyrfalcons.

Because of its athletic ability and relatively placid temperament, the most prized bird for falconry in the U.S. is the peregrine, of which there are three North American subspecies. Two of the three have been radically depleted. The survival of the subspecies closest to extinction, the American peregrine, has been virtually assured—at least in captivity—by a new technique developed by Cornell ornithologist Tom Cade, who breeds peregrines in a big barn and releases them to the wild. Cade's taste for raptors was nurtured on his grandfather's farm in Texas. He had a Cooper's hawk as a boy, later graduated to falcons and became a master falconer. Ten years ago, with the American peregrine plunging to disaster, he began accumulating peregrines at his upstate New York laboratory. Some he trapped in Alaska, others were borrowed from falconers. Cade and his crew, improvising as they went along, encountered problems undreamed of by chicken farmers. For one thing, as is true with any number of species, including *Homo sapiens*, every female peregrine is not automatically smitten by every male peregrine, and vice versa. Some simply dislike each other and will do nothing to advance the species. Cade switches partners when that happens.

Because a young chick tends to "imprint" on its source of food, if the source is human, the bird associates human beings with food. This won't do for a bird released to the wild; he'd wind up hanging around supermarket parking lots. In an effort to solve this, a puppet that looks like a peregrine was tried last year; ground-up quail meat was squeezed out of a plastic bag in the puppet's mouth, thus disguising human intervention. More practically, young birds are returned to the care of adult birds 12 days after they are hatched, this being when they can first see well.

Working in his unheated hawk barn at Ithaca, Cade and his staff began to increase their breeding stock. They learned to artificially inseminate peregrines. They induced unsuspecting females to lay two clutches of eggs by removing the first batch to an incubator, which stimulated the birds to recycle, so to speak.

By 1974 they were ready to release the young birds. Two captive-bred peregrines were placed in an enclosure on the roof of a 10-story building in New Paltz, N.Y., fed until their flight feathers were grown, then released. Two more were taken to Colorado and planted in the nest of a pair of wild peregrines, which readily adopted them. A Western branch of Cade's lab was established at Fort Collins, Colo., and in 1975 the New York and Colorado breeding centers delivered 16 more young peregrines to the countryside. Twelve are known to have survived the first few months, and five of these were still around in 1976. One turned up on the 32nd-floor ledge of a Baltimore building, startling the tenant within, who knew it wasn't a pigeon. (In 1943, peregrines nested on a terrace of Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel.) Another was spotted on the Hudson River Palisades, a historic peregrine nesting site opposite New York City.

Last year 42 birds were released, 37 in the East and five in the West. Equipped with bands and transmitters (which beep for about six weeks), the young peregrines dispersed to the ridges, riverside cliffs and marshes, which are their natural habitats.

"Cade's project is the best thing that's happened since raptors began," says Morley Nelson. "Humanity is actually helping raptors, looking deeply at them, doing something more than cussing them." Half a dozen other countries, including Canada, Japan and West Germany, have embarked on peregrine-breeding projects. The next test is to see whether the captive-bred birds will breed successfully in the wild, but it will take two or three years of maturation to find that out. Even if the birds don't breed, the Cornell scientists have the know-how to keep reproducing them until the problem is solved.

A generation ago, the idea of several dozen scientists working on the survival of a single threatened subspecies would have been laughed out of the faculty clubs. It's still a bit hard to grasp, particularly when it is acknowledged that the peregrine's contribution to ecological balance is minimal. Cade's motivation is frankly esthetic. "It's not even their physical beauty so much," he says. "It's their function, the way they move and act in the air. It's how they fly and pursue and attack. The kill is anticlimax. I tell conservationists who object to falconry that if they saw a peregrine attack, they'd write sonnets about it."

Cade is a falconer, and so are many of his colleagues. "It's a case of self-interest and public interest dovetailing," says a pun-prone government biologist. No other bird, not even the much-decorated eagle, would inspire that effort, because no other bird flies like a peregrine.

Cade's project is helped by private contributions, including $30,000 Arabs have donated to the Cornell operation (the annual budget is about $175,000). Moreover, a former Cornell graduate student is now on the payroll of an Arab sheik, developing a falcon-breeding project in Bahrain, complete with an air-conditioned hawk barn. This causes lips to curl in some wildlife precincts, but there is nothing illegal about it.

The cascade of positive developments in the raptor world—the laws, the protected area, the banning of DDT and the perfection of captive breeding—can make a raptor fan giddy with confidence. Yet eagles, hawks and other raptors are still shot with disillusioning frequency, law or no law. Fish and Wildlife agents can't do much about it because of the sheer expanse of territory involved; they have one man, for example, in all of Wyoming, prime eagle country. Dr. Lee Eggleston, a Colorado Springs veterinarian, estimates that half of the 400 injured raptors he has seen in the past five years were gunshot victims—and less than half survived. Eggleston's other winged patients either collided with something, most often a car, or became ill when they were captured and improperly fed. "People give them weenies, stew meat, pizza," he says. "People think raptors can eat whatever is available at the supermarket. But the wrong diet can soften their bones or cause them to lose muscle control."

Nonetheless, Eggleston illustrates another ace in the raptor's deck—the emergence of raptor aid stations. Stellanie Ure, a thin, dark-eyed mother of two, operates one at her home south of Salt Lake City. Wildlife officers send her their injured eagles and other raptors. "Sometimes they leave them in a box at my door," she says. A self-taught biologist, she treats their wounds and gentles them back to health. Much of the treatment is improvised, because there are no text-

continued

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books on raptor anatomy. "Sometimes I'll use Gatorade or boiled Coke with egg yolks and vitamins to pull them out of shock. It works." Occasionally, a recuperating raptor gets surly. "A red-tailed hawk came at my face once," she recalls. It took six stitches to mend Lre's torn lip.

Lre's reward comes when she liberates a healthy bird. I watched her release a marsh hawk one day. She held the bird for about 30 seconds, then turned it into the wind and let it go. It flew off over a ravine where it caught an updraft and spiraled upward until it was almost lost from sight. "Look at him," she cried. "He couldn't flap his wings when I first saw him. He's so strong now. He's flying for the joy of it. Oh my, that's perfect."

Sheepmen who protest that eagles gobble up too much of their profits are probably responsible for some of the shooting and trapping that go on. A sheepman can get special permission to kill an eagle if he can convince a Fish and Wildlife agent that a particular bird is picking on him, but such permission is rarely granted. When a southern Montana sheepman convinced the feds that eagles were ravaging his lambs, their solution was to trap 145 golden eagles and transplant them to far-off habitats. The rancher says it didn't work; either the same eagles or others with similar appetites are still around.

But shooting and trapping were never the real levelers, and neither were power lines. The villains are more complex and insidious: economic progress, population growth that cherished American tradition, development and pesticides. After DDT was banned in the U.S., companies here turned to less lethal pesticides. But DDT is still being manufactured by several foreign firms, as well as by one in the U.S., almost exclusively for export, and in Latin America it's still being used. The tundra peregrine, one of the three North American subspecies, regularly migrates from the Arctic to Latin America and back. In recent years the tundra population has declined sharply as a direct consequence of DDT absorption, presumably ingested in Latin America. Thus the tundra peregrine's survival depends not only on biologists but also on the State Department, international agreements and the clash of priorities in a dozen other countries.

"People pollution," the dogged pro-

continued


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liferation of our own beleaguered species, is a constant threat to raptors as well. "If the population of Wyoming increases half as much as some of the projections," says a worried government biologist, "it could destroy the best eagle areas in the state." Eagle aeries in Utah have been supplanted by cliffside homes. A rare-hawk habitat in the Southwest was taken over by a golf course. The Snake River sanctuary will eventually have to deal with farmers who hanker for the vacant public land near the refuge, land that now supports raptors' prey, mostly squirrels and rabbits.

The fuel shortage is another hazard. A proposed raptor management area in northern Alaska lies uncomfortably close to an oil field. Untapped coal beds in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado underlie some of the finest eagle habitats in the country.

When the government men talk of "management," they mean both protecting and controlling raptors and their habitats. It is a curious word to apply to raptors. One doesn't think of managing these exquisite creatures. How do you manage an eagle when you get close to those wicked talons? "I was caught once or twice by a golden eagle," says Dr. Eggleston, "and it was like getting your hand stuck in a garbage truck."

But the raptors have a secret, and it's so good it may guarantee their survival, management or no. The secret is that we are both predators—raptors and humans—and, in a sense, we need each other. They need us for habitat protection and for good works like the Cornell peregrine project. We need them for equally or more important reasons: for beauty, yes; for the spirit, O.K.; but mostly as a symbol for our own determination to survive as well.

We occupy the same general position in the food chain that they do—at the top. If pesticides can do in raptors, they can do in us.

"If we don't protect them," says Utah biologist Al Heggen, "we're likely to be left with only those miserable species that can associate closely with man—the Norway rat, the cockroach, the house fly, the mosquito. If we let the peregrine go, we will be more ready to let another species go, and another and another . . ."

The survival of the raptors is our survival, that's the secret. We have to help them for *our* sake. END







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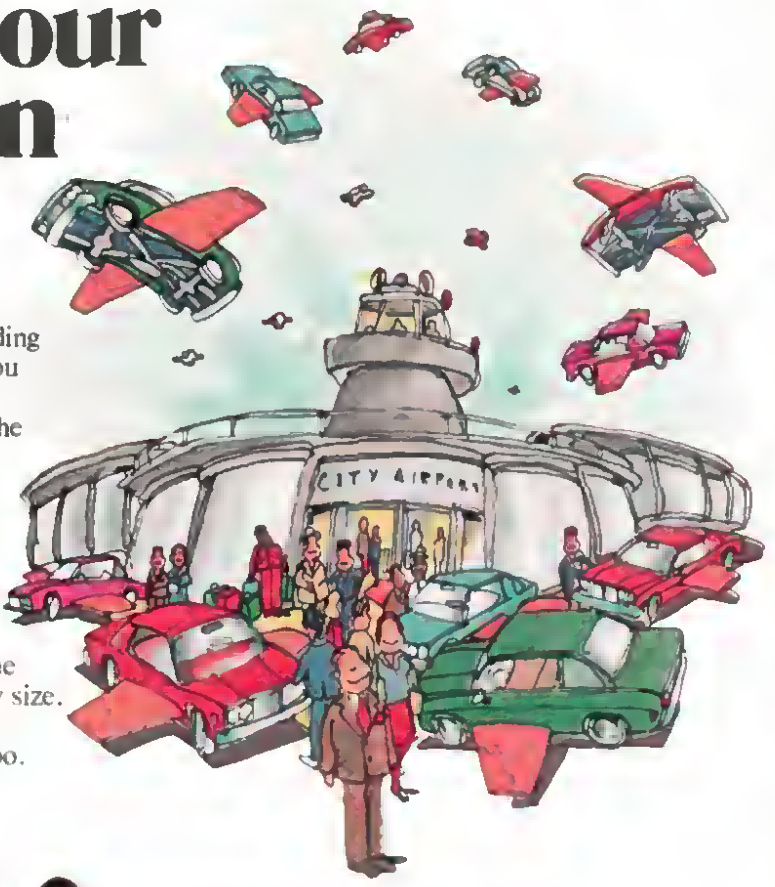
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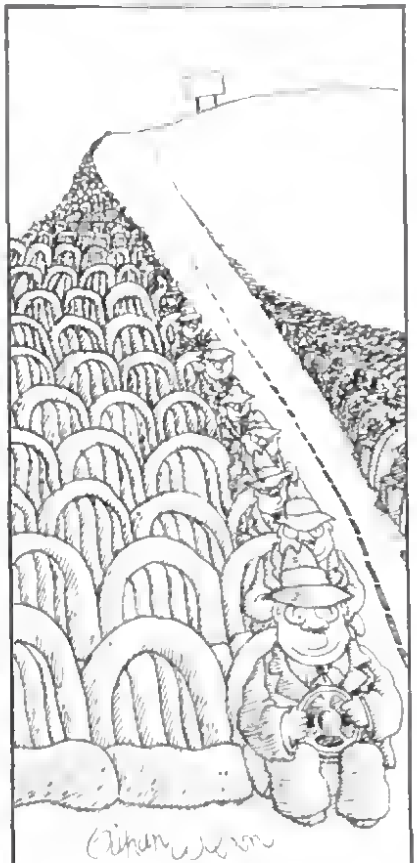
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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week May 2-8**

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Los Angeles had an awesome 41–4 home record this season until running into red-hot Portland in the Western Conference finals. The Trail Blazers were fresh from a 4–2 victory over Denver, coasting to a 108–92 win in Game Six as rookie Guard Johnny Davis scored 25 points. The Lakers won Game Seven of their hard-fought series with Golden State 97–84, as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar hit for 36 points and pulled down a season high 26 rebounds. But the upstart Blazers paid no mind to Los Angeles' supposed invincibility at the Forum and came out shooting in Game One, four Portland players scoring more than 20 points in the 121–109 triumph. Abdul-Jabbar tossed in 40 points in Game Two but missed the big one when he threw up a 10-foot jumper with the Lakers down by two and :03 remaining—and it bounced off the glass. Final score: Portland 99, Los Angeles 97. In the Eastern Conference finals, Philadelphia jumped to a 2–0 lead over Houston behind the steady play of Julius Erving and George McGinnis, who combined for 84 points in the two games. The 76ers won the first game 128–117 in spite of 32 points by Houston's Moses Malone. Malone scored only seven in Game Two and the Rockets lost 106–97 *(page 64)*

**PRO FOOTBALL**—The Tampa Bay Buccaneers made USC Running Back RICKY *BELL* the first pick in the 42nd NFL draft, held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York *(page 60)*

**GOLF**—RAY FLOYD picked up five strokes in the last three holes to surge past a faltering Ben Crenshaw and win the Byron Nelson Classic by two shots. The 1976 Masters champion shot a fourth-round 69 to finish at 276, eight under par on the 6,983-yard Preston Trail course in Dallas and collected $40,000.

HOLLIS STACY finished one shot ahead of Joanne Carner to win the Lady Tara Classic in Roswell, Ga. Stacy shot a third-round 70 to finish at 10-under par 209 and win $7,500 for her first LPGA title.

**HOCKEY**—NHL: Seeking its second straight Stanley Cup, Montreal crushed Boston 7–3 in the opening game of the playoff finals, linemates Yvon Lambert (two), Mario Tremblay *(two)* and Doug Risebrough combining for five goals. Jacques Lemaire and Rick Chartraw also scored for the Canadiens against Brum Goaltender Gerry Cheevers *(page 73)*. Earlier the Canadiens had eliminated the New York Islanders 4–2 in the semifinals, but not before the Islanders ended Montreal's 38-game unbeaten streak on Forum ice. Trailing the Canadiens 3 games to 1, the Islanders looked dead when Lambert put the Canadiens ahead 3–2 midway through the third period. But Jude Drouin's tally tied the score, and Billy Harris' goal won the game for New York in 3:58 of sudden death. The Islanders succumbed back in New York, though on a pair of goals by checking specialist Bob Gainey—the first coming only seven seconds into the game, the second after the officials missed a flagrant offside by the Canadiens.

WHA: Gordie Howe has "unretired" about as often as Harold Stassen has run for President, but after Winnipeg ousted Howe's Houston Aeros from the semifinals, the 49-year-old right wing indicated that he really had had enough—at last. If so, Howe's complete final statistics are: 29 seasons, 2,180 games, 994 goals, 1,399 assists and 2,218 penalty minutes. The major question in Houston, though, is whether Howe's sons, Mark and Marty, will be playing for the Aeros or an NHL team next season. Winnipeg now begins defense of its Avco Trophy against Eastern Division champion Quebec, which bounced Indianapolis from the playoffs four games to one as Right Wing Real Cloutier scored a hat trick in an 8–3 win in Game Five.

Despite an embarrassing 8–2 loss to Canada in its last game, CZECHOSLOVAKIA retained the World Cup when Sweden, thanks to three goals by Roland Eriksson of the Minnesota North Stars, upset the Soviet Union 3–1 in the final game of the Vienna tournament. The Czechoslovaks finished with 15 points, Sweden placed second, the Soviet Union third and Canada, composed mainly of NHL players, fourth.

**HORSE RACING**—SEATTLE SLEW ($31 Jean Cruguet up) came out of the gate late but recovered to win the 103rd running of the Kentucky Derby by 1¾ lengths over Run Dusty Run, covering the 1¼ miles in 2:02⅘ *(page 18)*.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—Leading from start to finish, MARIO ANDRETTI driving a JPS Lotus, won the Spanish Grand Prix by completing 75 laps of the 2.1-mile Jarama Circuit outside Madrid in 1:42:52. Carlos Reutemann, in a Ferrari, was second, 16 seconds behind Andretti.

**SOCCER**—With Rodney Marsh conserting a penalty kick and Paul Hammond making 10 saves in the goal, Tampa Bay handed Fort Lauderdale its first loss of the season 1–0 before 24,753 in Tampa. With the victory, the Rowdies moved into a first-place tie with the Strikers in the Eastern Division. Dallas beat Los Angeles 1–0 on Kyle Rote Jr.'s second goal of the year, thus tying the Aztecs for first place in the Southern Division. Las Vegas beat San Jose 2–0 and is just three points back.

A sparse Soldier Field crowd of 2,015 watched Chicago get stung for the fourth time in four games, this one a 2–1 loss to Washington. In his first game for Minnesota this season, Alan Willey tallied three times as the Kicks downed Hawaii 3–0 before 35,966 hometown fans, the largest NASL crowd this season.

**TENNIS**—DICK STOCKTON and VIJAY AMRITRAJ beat Vitas Gerulaitis and Adriano Panatta 7–6, 7–6, 4–6, 6–3 to win $80,000 and the WCT world doubles championship in Kansas City.

Phoenix moved into first place in the WTT's Western Division as Chris Evert beat Terry Holladay 6–2 and Kerry Reid 6–2 in wins over the Golden Gaters and San Diego. Martina Navratilova made her 1977 singles debut for Eastern Division-leading Boston and sparked the Lobsters to triumphs over Los Angeles and Indiana, topping Dianne Fromholtz 6–3 and Sue Barker 6–1. New York, 3–0 during the week, beat Cleveland 28–18 as 9,166 watched the first WTT match ever played in Madison Square Garden. Billie Jean King won six matches (one singles, three women's doubles, two mixed) for the Apples.

**VOLLEYBALL**—USC beat Ohio State 15–7, 9–15, 15–10, 15–12 to win the NCAA title in Los Angeles.

**MILEPOSTS**—RESIGNED: BILL RUSSELL, 43, as coach and general manager of the Seattle SuperSonics. Russell leaves after completing four years of a five-year contract compiling a 162–166 record.

PLACED On probation, the UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII basketball program for two years because of improper recruiting inducements and illegal benefits.

DIED: DANIEL FERRIS, 87, longtime amateur athletics bigwig in Amityville, N.Y. A former sprinter, Ferris was a member of the AAU since 1907 and its secretary-treasurer from 1927 to 1957.

DIED: SEYMOUR CROMWELL, 43, Olympic oarsman, of cancer, in Cambridge, Mass. Cromwell, who won national singles titles in 1961 and 1962, teamed with Jim Storm for the silver medal in the double sculls at the 1964 Olympics.

**CREDITS**

13—drawing by Arnold Roth. 18, 19—Dan Bal(2), Heinz Kluetmeier (inset). 20, 21—Barton Silverman, Jerry Cooke. 23—Neil Leifer, Tony Triolo. 63—Tony Tomsic. 80—Tony Triolo. 84—Manny Millan. 73—Co Rentmeester. 76, 79—David Boehike, Marty Stouffer Animals Animals. 80, 81—David Boehike. 82—Tom Dunstan. 96—King Twitty(2), Robert Park.

## FACES IN THE CROWD





**MANH VAN NGUYEN**
Modesto, Calif.

**SHEILA O'DOUGHERTY**
Minneapolis

At the sixth annual intercollegiate table tennis championships at the University of Denver, Van Nguyen, a sophomore at Modesto Junior College, won the men's singles title by defeating Greg Gingold of the University of South Florida 17–21, 21–19, 21–7, 22–20. O'Dougherty, a sophomore at the University of Minnesota, took the women's crown for the second straight year, beating Nilouffer Patel of the University of Illinois 21–9, 21–23, 21–12, 21–14.



**JOHN WANDRISCO**
Carnegie, Pa.

Wrestling in 70 pounds, John, 14, won his third state junior title at the All-Areas final in Sharon. John, an eighth-grader at SS. Simon & Jude, has never lost a dual-meet match and has won 16 major tournaments in his five years of competition.



**PAUL MELLON**
Upperville, Va.

Mellon, 69, financier and trustee of the Mellon Foundation, rode Christmas Goose, a 12-year-old thoroughbred gray gelding, to the grand championship in the 20th Virginia Trail Riders 100-mile ride. The endurance test lasted three days.



**LARRY PATTERSON**
Seattle

A 6′2″, 200-pound semi-pro third baseman for the Gonzaga University Bulldogs, Patterson has a 27-game hitting streak and a .467 average. Over one five-game stretch, Patterson went 14 for 14, including seven extra-base hits.



**CATHY WILSON**
Nazareth, Texas

Wilson, 24, has coached the Nazareth High girls' basketball team to a 72–8 record during the past two years. Wilson, who played for the Wayland Baptist Flying Queens, directed the 1977 Swiftettes to the Class B state title.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**YANKEE DOODLING**

Sir

What's so wrong if Reggie Jackson needs to be loved even though he gets a very high salary? Remember, man does not live by bread alone. If Jackson plays as well as he can, the Yankees and Yankee fans should show him the love and respect he will richly deserve. Some fans chant "Reggie! Reggie! Reggie!" when Reggie is playing well and the Yankees are winning, but boo when the going gets tough. I chanted, "Reggie! Reggie! Reggie!" when he became a Yankee, all through preseason, all through the losing streak and I shall continue to chant "Reggie! Reggie! Reggie!" through the rest of the season as he helps the Yankees win the 1977 pennant and the World Series.

ROGER D. SPICKLER
South Bend, Ind.

Sir

If Reggie Jackson wants to be loved so much, why didn't he have a clause in his contract that would allow George Steinbrenner to pick him up on his lap and tell him bedtime stories every night?

JON BLAKE
East Hartford, Conn.

Sir

How fans can continue to root for the Yankees, with their immature and self-centered players and a manager who has all the tact of Idi Amin, is beyond me. The club would do well to remember the class exuded by its pinstriped forefathers.

RON JACKSON
Franklin, Ohio

**McCOVEY COMES BACK**

Sir

I would like to thank you for your tribute to Willie McCovey (*I'll Come Home to You, Said Willie*, May 2). As a longtime Giant fan, I have always admired McCovey for his courage, integrity and, of course, his great ability as a player. Despite being hampered by many physical ailments, he was one of the premier players in the game for many years. Even at age 39 he is still a tremendous asset to the Giants and to baseball in general. His return is an unexpected bonus and one that Giant fans everywhere have been dreaming about for three years.

THOMAS J. ZESK
Kensington, Conn.

**STICKY BUSINESS**

Sir

In your article *You Can't Beat This Game With a Stick* (April 25) you say, somewhat patronizingly, that lacrosse may never go "big time." If big time means playing for money instead of for the thrill of it, if going big time means big business overshadowing one of our last true amateur sports, then let's hope that lacrosse doesn't go big time.

GIL GIBBS
Lacrosse Coach
Montclair High School
Montclair, N.J.

Sir

What mirthful memories your pictures of the lacrosse players evoked. Fifty years ago I played lacrosse at summer camp. The contrast between the equipment worn then and now is unbelievable. Our only equipment consisted of the usual girls gym uniform—navy-blue serge bloomers, shapeless white middy blouses, long black cotton stockings and very high sneakers. We did play with standard lacrosse sticks, though—lethal weapons in our no-holds-barred contests. I wore glasses and I had three pairs, one to wear, one in reserve, one laid up for repairs. A rare sight we must have been flying up and down the field bent on mayhem.

What ho, the players of today with their helmets, face masks, padded gloves, contact lenses—and insurance!

MRS. PAT L. W. WARD
Tully, N.Y.

• Except for the goalies, women lacrosse players still wear little or no protective equipment.—ED

**CASH FLOW**

Sir

Peter Gammons says that Wayne Cashman broke his thumb (*The Cash Was Laundered*, May 2) while he was involved in "his only fight of the season," with the Kings' gentlemanly center, Smiling Vic Venasky. In reality it was the Kings' Neil Komadoski whose head Cashman pulled back by the hair and then belted with a steady stream of punches while Komadoski was gazing at the ceiling of the Boston Garden. Cashman got what he deserved.

STERRY MILLER
Los Angeles

**OUT OF THE PARK**

Sir

Too bad home-run ball-chaser Rich Buhrke (*At the Other End of the Rainbows*, April 25) wasn't around in 1935 or earlier. With less effort, he might have added to his collection a Wally Berger, Joe Medwick or Hank Lieber. In those days, Wrigley Field's brick left-field wall had no wire barrier atop it, which made it easier to hit homers. The mesh was erected when bleachers were built along the wall's interior in 1936.

Not coincidentally, in the unadorned fence era the Cubs' lineup was stacked with right-handed power. Gabby Hartnett, Riggs Stephenson, Frank Demaree and, of course, Hack Wilson cleared the wall frequently and helped the Northsiders to pennants in '29, '32 and '35 (when a 21-game September winning streak did the trick).

Incidentally, for trivia buffs there were once two Wrigley Fields, the other one was in Los Angeles, home of the Cubs' top farm team of the mid-'30s, the Pacific Coast League Angels. It was a slightly smaller replica of Chicago's Wrigley Field, with a similar brick left-field wall.

BOB JUPPE Sa
Ridgewood, N.J.

**WRONG NUMBERS**

Sir

Here in N.Y. State Prison we take boxing very seriously. Maybe your article *Some Very Wrong Numbers* (May 2) will open the public's eyes to what has been going on for years in boxing. Scott LeDoux is a joke, one of many out-of-shape fighters. There are heavies in jails and amateur clubs all over America who take pride in conditioning. Believe me, LeDoux would get his lumps in any jailhouse heavyweight division. Boxing has come to a sorry pass when the public has to watch fighters like LeDoux. Leave them in the saloons. As for Don King—one inmate's point of view: once a con man, always a con man!

JAMES P. LYNCH
Woodbourne Correction Facility
Woodbourne, N.Y.

Sir

In looking at the junior middleweight rankings from *Ring* magazine, I notice you show that "Mel Dennis, Houston, Texas" was No. 1 in January, yet was unranked both the month before and the month after! What did he do to rise and fall so quickly? Or is this another imaginary career like Ike Fluellen's?

RICHARD ODIOSO
Cincinnati

• *Ring* magazine says Dennis' 1976 records arrived too late for inclusion in its December issue and that in the January issue he was mistakenly classified as a junior middleweight. He was properly listed among the welterweights in February and ranked No. 7, just off the list as shown in SI.—ED

**THE GREATEST**

Sir

Robert Creamer took me mildly to task (SCORECARD, April 18) for listing Secretariat as 10th on my list of the 10 greatest racehorses of all time, which is included in *The*

*continued*

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*Book of Lists* by David Wallechinsky, Irving Wallace and Amy Wallace. Because the authors did not ask me to name the horses in order of preference, I listed them according to when they ran, starting with Eclipse in 18th-century England. Secretariat is No. 10 only because he is the latest of the greatest, so to speak. If I had to name the best of these 10 horses, or rank Secretariat, I don't know that I could do it. Mr. Creamer obviously feels strongly about Super Red. I'd be genuinely curious to know where he would place the horse.

PETER CHEW
Author of *The Kentucky Derby: The First 100 Years*
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Thank you for Robert Creamer's generous words about me in his comments on *The Book of Lists*. However, as I am sure he has discovered, my list of great golfers was in chronological order. I think Vardon, Jones, Hogan and Nicklaus all share the top position. I would guess that Amy Alcott set up her list in alphabetical order, hence Zaharias in last place.

HERBERT WARREN WIND
New York City

• Creamer says he assumed that when the Wallaces listed things by number, they were ranking them. He apologizes to Chew, Wind, Alcott and others whose lists were inadvertently misinterpreted. As for Secretariat, he rates the Triple Crown winner somewhere behind Master Derby because Creamer won an across-the-board bet on Master Derby at 23-to-1 in the 1975 Preakness. Secretariat never paid off like that.—ED.

**WOLF CALL**

Sir:

I cannot accept the premise of *Big Howl in Minnesota* (May 2) that large predators such as the wolf and mountain lion cannot live in proximity to man.

Farmers can do what herdsmen did for centuries, use dogs bred to fend off the wolf to protect their stock. Humans are in no imminent danger of attack if they treat the wolf with the same caution they would any wild animal.

The wolf has a function to fill wherever there is a deer herd. Wolves weed out the weak and sick deer, leaving the stronger ones to breed and thus produce larger, healthier animals. It's God's plan and I cannot see man (in his infinite wisdom?) improving on it. I would like to see the wolf returned to the East.

PATRICK GRANT
Woodside, N.Y.

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